WHITE DOG

SCREENPLAY

by

SAMUEL FULLER

and

CURTIS HANSON

KRISTY McNichol

Based on a Book

by

ROMAIN GARY

March 20, 1981

PARAMOUNT

WHITE DOG

NO FADE IN.

1 EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT (LIGHT FOG) 1

A WHITE FLASH
as car beam passes.

JULIE (BANDANA ROUND HEAD)
in open convertible hears the THUD.

WHEELS
screech to a stop.

JULIE
gets out, fearing the worst, runs back, stops, is horrified.

JULIE
Oh, my God!

WHITE DOG (EERIE IN FOG)
dead.

JULIE
sick, a murderer, nausea. She hears a moan. Hope! Runs back to her car, returns with flashlight, turns beam on.

BEAM
running to the dog, moves to CLOSEUP of his half-opened eyes. The dog whimpers. Beam moves to the injury.

JULIE
behind beam reacts to:

BLOOD
oozing out.

JULIE
places flashlight on ground, the beam on the dog, and with shaky fingers makes bandage with her bandana. She leaves beam on dog, runs back to her car, backs up to the beam, utilizes all strength to get the dead-weight dog into the back of her car.

2 EXT. LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT 2

JULIE'S CAR
tackles curves at dangerous speed in the descent to Sunset Blvd as fog gradually vanishes.

3 EXT. SUNSET BLVD GAS STATION - NIGHT 3

LONG SHOT JULIE'S CAR
hurtles into station. She speaks to attendant. He points. She charges across Sunset, darts between broadside traffic from both flanks, almost causes crackups, straight as a bullet speeds down the side street, her red lights growing smaller into blackness.

4 EXT. VET'S - NIGHT 4

BLINDING NEON
reads: ANIMAL EMERGENCY HOSPITAL OPEN 24 HOURS.

5 INT. VET'S - NIGHT 5

VET
examining wound. Watching: Julie and NURSE.

JULIE
(hardly audible)
Will he live?

VET
Uh-huh.
(finds no tag)
What's his name?

JULIE
I don't know.

* THE DOG *
slowly opens his eyes, sees:

* JULIE (BLACK AND WHITE) *
The dog's POV will always be BLACK AND WHITE. The voices have an odd sound.

JULIE
I hit him. I didn't see him.
It was awful.

VET
You'll have to pay the bill.
You brought him in.

JULIE
Of course I brought him in!
I hit him! It was my fault!

* ANOTHER ANGLE (BACK TO COLOR) *

VET
What do you do?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

JULIE
I'm an actress.

VET
Do you act for nothing?

JULIE
I didn't say I wouldn't pay you. Of course I'll pay! How much?

NURSE
Two hundred and eighteen dollars.

JULIE
(stunned)
Two hundred and eighteen dollars?

NURSE
That includes stitching, inoculation, medicine, after-hours fee.

JULIE
Do you take credit cards?

NURSE
All of them.

Julie gives her a card. The nurse dials, gives Julie's card number, waits a beat, hangs up. Julie catches glance between nurse and vet. Nurse nods. The vet begins to work on the dog and to the stitching as:

JULIE
You're sure he's going to be all right.

VET
Uh-huh. He'll be fit to take him with you.

NURSE
Or board him here for the night for twenty-five dollars.

JULIE
(eyes on the dog)
Somebody in the hills must be looking for him right now.

NURSE
I suggest you take him to the pound, unless you want to keep him.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

JULIE
Keep him? He belongs to someone. He's wearing a collar. You can see the clasp where he lost his tag. Is the pound where you find missing dogs?

NURSE
Yes, but if the owner doesn't claim him in three days, he'll be put to sleep.

JULIE
(nausea again)
They would kill him?

NURSE
Yes.

JULIE
Maybe somebody there will adopt him.

VET
Not this dog.

JULIE
Why not? He's a beautiful dog. And he looks strong.

VET
Don't let his looks fool you. He's too old to adopt.

NURSE
People only pick up cute little puppies at the pound.

JULIE
(not giving up)
Isn't there <u>some place</u> where a person will want him?

NURSE
No.
(gives Julie a card)
SPCA. Send in a photo of him to list with Dog Found and his owner will find you if he checks with them.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

JULIE
Thank you.

NURSE
Put up "Dog Found" posters in the area where you hit him, and make sure you state that you want a reward.

JULIE
(angry, sick)
Reward?

NURSE
You want your money back, don't you?
(gives her bottle)
Push two of these pencillin pills down his throat twice a day until his owner contacts you.

JULIE
Down his throat?

NURSE
All the way down to make sure he swallows them.

JULIE
(swallows hard)
What are they for?

NURSE
To combat infection. Sign here, please.

* Julie signs. On desk a newspaper headline: HOLLYWOOD HILLS RAPIST KILLS 3RD VICTIM. Julie looks up at the vet who is finishing the stitching. He glances at her. *

JULIE
Two hundred and eighteen dollars is more than my last film made throughout the country!

6 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S SMALL HILLTOP HOUSE - DAY 6

CLOSE MOUTH OF DOG
shut tight as Julie clumsil, nervously succeeds prying open giant jaws. Trembling, she holds pill above the mouth, starts putting it into the mouth, drops pill. The dog spits the pill out. With humor for us and

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

danger for her, she tries again - this time shoving the pill down - but not enough. Again the dog spits it out.

JULIE
It's a stand-off. One of us is going to win. And that'll be me.

She rolls a pill in a paper napkin, smashes it with a rock, sprinkles it on some food, shoves plate in front of his mouth. The dog refuses to eat. She drops a pill on her palm, slowly lifts it up, holds it in front of his eye, puts pill in her mouth and swallows. It works! The dog lets her shove a pill all the way down his mouth. She holds his mouth closed until he swallows, then, turning away from him so as not to be caught cheating, she maneuvers to take soggy pill out of her mouth.

7 THE DOG (THRU POLAROID FINDER) 7
as the vertical line moves left and right until he comes sharply into focus. Click! Dog reacts, moves. Click. Reacts. Moves. Several more clicks.

8 POLAROID SHOTS OF DOG 8
spread out, different looks, different angles. Julie holds one out to him.

JULIE
Bad angle. Doesn't do you justice.

She tears it up as the dog is the first to hear the footsteps. He raises his head, ears perk up, and he turns as WHIP with his turn to ROLAND GRAY, Hollywood writer and frustrated director, coming around from the front of the house holding a batch of xeroxed posters, a staple and a staple gun.

ROLAND
I can give you one hour's labor no charge, Julie, then off to a pow-wow to beg for a crack to direct my script.

He shows her the xeroxes. She staples the photo of the dog on the poster reading WHITE GERMAN SHEPHERD FOUND. CALL 874-3791. NO REWARD WANTED.

JULIE
I appreciate this, Roland.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

He moves closer to the dog.

ROLAND
So you're the call of the wild that cost Julie two hundred and eighteen dollars.

The dog eyes without expression as Julie staples photos on posters. The dog's stare is cold. Roland reaches the dog and looks for the one obvious sign: MOVE to the dog's tail. It wags. WHIP UP to CLOSE of Roland relieved. He smiles, bends down, pets the dog.

ROLAND
You said Rin-Tin-Tin was old. He looks husky enough to pull a sled from Disneyland to Jack London's grave.

He turns to watch her stapling as:

JULIE
Don't let his looks fool you - and those are the words of a professional. The vet.

ROLAND
(teasingly)
I like you not wanting a reward for him. Wuthuring Heights pride. I like that, Julie.

JULIE
You like it because it wasn't your two hundred and eighteen dollars.

ROLAND
Have you given him his pill?

JULIE
Took it in stride.

ROLAND
Brave girl.
(glances at his watch)
I'll be running into golden hours.

She gathers up photos and posters, looks at the dog.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 8

JULIE
I hope he rests.

ROLAND
He's not going anywhere. He's found a home.

They glance at each other, then at:

THE DOG
watching them leave. When they vanish, he follows them.

9 EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 9

JULIE AND ROLAND
get into his car, drive off as the dog appears in f.g. with his back to us. He watches the car make a turn, then he goes back.

10 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 10

THE DOG
finds the kitchen door slightly ajar (needs repairs) and probes it open.

11 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 11

THE DOG
enters, makes a tour of the house, going from room to room, and apparently satisfied, exits thru the kitchen door.

12 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 12

THE DOG
makes his way to the small rustic pond, stretches out, stares at: PAN to goldfish in the pond.

13 EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAY 13

JULIE AND ROLAND
putting up posters in the hills, she holding posters and polaroids, he using stapling gun of photo against poster on a telephone pole, which bears other lost and found animal posters. They walk from pole to pole, halting only to staple, as:

ROLAND
When are you going to test for that drunk role?

(CONTINUED)

JULIE
Tomorrow. It's only twenty seconds, but Charlie Felton said it could stand out with me playing it.

ROLAND
He wrote it. He should know.

JULIE
Amen!

They walk in silence until:

ROLAND
I've been thinking about that dog.

JULIE
So have I.

ROLAND
Excellent! Then what you should do -

JULIE
If you're thinking what I think you're thinking - no!

ROLAND
A single girl living alone up in these hills...it's good to have a German Lassie around.

JULIE
I like living alone.

ROLAND
For a Yale Phi Beta Kappa, where's your team spirit? You and that dog would make a swell team.
(a beat)
Why not, Julie?

JULIE
Independence. Once a dog shares your roof, he owns you. Things change. You spend more time taking care of him than concentrating on your work.

13 CONTINUED: 13

JULIE
Tomorrow. It's only twenty seconds, but Charlie Felton said it could stand out with me playing it.

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They walk in silence until:

ROLAND
I've been thinking about that dog.

JULIE
So have I.

ROLAND
* Excellent! *

JULIE
If you're thinking what I think you're thinking - no!

ROLAND
* A single girl alone up in these hills...hang onto that German Lassie until that rapist is nailed. *

* Julie's sudden fear makes him think he's convinced her. *

* JULIE *
You're right.

* ROLAND *
Good.

JULIE
But I like living alone.

ROLAND
For a Yale Phi Beta Kappa, where's your team spirit? You and that dog would make a swell team.
(one more try)
Why not, Julie?

JULIE
Independence. Once a dog shares your roof, he owns you. Things change. You spend more time taking care of him than concentrating on your work.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

ROLAND
Every time I see a picture of a star in a magazine, she's always surrounded by three or four dogs.

JULIE
Rentals.

ROLAND
Cynic.

JULIE
Shutting out everything else to concentrate on a career has nothing to do with cynicism.

14 EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 14

ROLAND'S CAR
returns with them, stops. Julie gets out.

JULIE
Thanks, Roland.

She leans forward, kisses him.

CLOSE ROLAND
kissing her, sees:

FULL SHOT THE DOG
in front of house. CHARGE TO CLOSEUP of his eyes staring at:

ROLAND'S EYES
transfixed by the stare. PULL BACK as he feels a strange chill - almost a warning. It makes him uncomfortable.

ROLAND
Some kid's crying his heart out for that dog. Find the owner, Julie. Make some kid happy.

He drives off, she turns, sees the dog waiting for her, walks to him and in LONG SHOT the dog licks her hand. She strokes him, walks to the house. The dog walks alongside her, his tail wagging.

15 EXT. PANORAMIC SHOT OF LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (FROM INT. LIVING ROOM) 15

LIGHTS
blink. PULL BACK as gradually sound of many guns firing

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

grows louder while moving to TV left on. A Paramount World WAR II movie is on. Small arms, mortars, heavy machineguns, artillery. MOVE to the dog sleeping peacefully near the set, the shattering attack not bothering him. MOVE across living room to Julie's bedroom, the door half-opened. We cannot see her. MOVE to the opening. She is struggling for her life, the rapist on her, the sound of booming guns and explosions drowning out her yells and screams. MOVE CLOSER so that we catch a word now and then coming from the white rapist.

RAPIST
I've watched you couple times...
know you live alone...

He puts gun to her head.

RAPIST
I blew out the brains of three
bitches I raped because they
fought me. Want to be the fourth?

She grabs his balls, squeezes. He screams, the gun goes off but is part of the firefight on TV. He keeps screaming, dropping gun, trying to reach her hand. She holds on. He reaches high point of pain when she belts him across the face, kicks him, leaps out of the bed and charges out as PULL BACK LIKE A BULLET with her. The rapist charges after her, tackling her on the living room floor and begins to strangle her during the height of the battle on TV when her spine-chilling shriek rises above the din of battle and is heard by the dog who attacks the rapist. The fight between rapist and dog matches the ferocity of the TV war fight. The rapist kicks the dog, whirls, exits, slamming door shut behind him. The dog goes crazy trying to break down the door, but can't. He runs around wildly. The war picture ends. The dog hears sound of man crashing against trash can. The dog leaps - crashing through the second story window, as MOVE to broken window with dog leaping down on the the rapist. When the rapist stops moving, the dog stops attacking. The rapist moves. The dog attacks. The rapist stops moving. The dog holds him at bay. The dog is like a statue. PULL BACK slowly to Julie coming to. In f.g. is the telephone on the floor. The buzz is loud.

16 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 16

THE DOG
still the statue, holding the terrified rapist at bay as SOUND of police siren approaching, dying down. ANGLE to Julie coming round from front of house, followed by the police. Julie holds onto the dog's collar as the rapist is taken away. One cop remains to make out the report. But he has to wait. Julie, still trembling, is holding the dog close to her.

17 INT. MOVIE SET - DAY 17

SUNLIGHT
outside slowly shut out by big stage door sliding to its end. Bell rings.

JULIE AND 2ND ACTRESS
sitting, waiting. Beside Julie is the dog. MOVE from them to a skeleton crew as director sits down.

DIRECTOR
Action.

MOVE to the 20-second test of actress in drunken, funny scene to HOLD on CLOSE SHOT.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
Cut. Thank you.

ANOTHER VOICE:
End slate.

Slate pops in front of actress' face. On slate TEST/NAME OF FILM/ MARY DUGIN. Clapper.

SAME 20-SECOND TEST
of 2nd actress. Cut. End Slate. Slate in front of her face. Her name:ALICE ROYAL.

SAME 20-SECOND TEST
of Julie Sawyer. The three girls are different types. The first two are damn good, but Julie is superb in comedy and drunken acting. To any eye, there is no contest. Julie is perfect for the part.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
Cut. Thank you.

ANOTHER VOICE:
End slate.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

Julie crosses to the two actresses admiring the dog, pries his big jaws open, shoves a penicillin down his throat - way down - brushing past his huge fangs... much to the astonishment of the actresses. She clamps his jaws shut, holds them shut. He swallows. She feels good, knowing she showed off for them.

18 EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 18

JULIE'S CAR
pulls up behind an open truck with plate glass windows. She gets out. The dog jumps out, playfully circles her as she walks to the door.

19 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 19

JULIE AND DOG
enter as the two window-repair men are about to leave, their job done. They pat the dog as she looks at the new window.

JULIE
Thank you.

They exit.

JULIE
Let's hope there's no message about you.

The dog follows her to the phone message machine. She pushes button, turning it off, looks at:

CLOSE SHOT TWO ZEROES
meaning no calls.

JULIE
relieved, smiles, winks at the dog, dials Roland's number.

JULIE
Roland! The test went great! I feel it! No, they'll see it tomorrow - but I know I've got the part.

The dog goes into her bedroom.

JULIE
And more great news! No one's called to claim the dog!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

ROLAND'S VOICE:
You hit a double-play today, Julie, I'm going up to bat tonight so no dinner with you. Eating with that Paramount exec. Maybe he'll let me direct for scale.

Julie reacts as she sees the dog bring in her panties and lick them. She cries out.

JULIE
Oh, no!

ROLAND'S VOICE:
Why not? It's the only way I can break the ice.

JULIE
I'll talk to you tomorrow. Good luck, Roland.

ROLAND
Tomorrow we'll celebrate that twenty-second test.

She hangs up, tries to get the panties away from the dog but he hangs on.

JULIE
(shocked and laughing)
What's the matter with you, you pervert? Do you know what Krafft-Ebing says in Psychopathia Sexualis about people like you - about dogs like you who lick panties?

She manages, after rough tugging, to get the panties away from the dog -- but the panties are all torn up. She tosses the panties at him. He catches it with a snap. She laughs.

JULIE
You're crazy, you know that?

He wags his tail, follows her to the kitchen door. She puts out food for him, tosses out a ball. He runs after the ball. She returns to the phone, dials, walks to the big window overlooking trees, brush and Los Angeles, the long phone cord trailing. As she speaks, MOVE to her watching the dog below play with the ball.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED : 19

JULIE
Charlie Felton, please...Charlie? Julie. I want to thank you for getting me that test. Yes, it went great. How's Christa and the kids?

She sees a rabbit hopping toward the back patio. The rabbit sees the dog. The dog goes after the rabbit. Julie sees the dog vanish into the thick brush.

JULIE
Again, thanks, Charlie, I've got to run!

She dashes out.

20 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 20

JULIE
runs into the brush.

21 EXT. BRUSH - DAY 21

JULIE
whistling for the dog. She calls out:

JULIE
Come back here! ...Come back!

She descends until it gets too rugged, and too dangerous for her. The drop is steep. Far below - traffic can be seen. She makes the hard ascent back slowly, breathing heavily, once losing her balance and seizing a clump of brush.

22 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 22

JULIE
enters.

23 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 23

JULIE
hopefully makes search of every room, under the bed, in the closet. No. The dog did not slip back into the house through the faulty kitchen door. He is not in the house. It's only been a half hour - but suddenly those thirty minutes seem like a long time for her to be without the dog. She slowly walks

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 23

back to the living room, MOVING with her to the window overlooking Los Angeles, seeing the ball that the dog played with...the traffic below...MOVE DOWN CLOSER to traffic...

24 EXT. BLVD. WITH HEAVY TRAFFIC - DAY 24

JULIE'S CONVERTIBLE
prowling for the dog.

JULIE
behind wheel, no bandana, wind blowing hair, concern increasing, as she looks left and right for just a glimpse of the dog. The vision of an "accident" hits her.

25 EXT. HILLS - DAY 25

JULIE'S POSTER
with photo of the dog - on a telephone pole. ANGLE to Julie's convertible slowly moving through the area, passing posters on poles.

8-YEAR OLD KID
tacking hand-scrawled poster of Lost Cat on pole as Julie pulls up. Desperate, she must find the dog.

JULIE
Have you seen a white German shepherd?

KID
Have you seen Mark? He's my black cat.

JULIE
I haven't seen Mark.

KID
I haven't seen your dog, but I saw a pound truck pass here.
(pales)
That truck picks up lost cats!
(panic now)
I better tell my Mom about that truck!

He runs off as MOVE to Julie's face filling screen, wind blowing, hair whipping, covering her face, then revealing it. That kid's panic is now in Julie's face.

26 INT. L.A. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY 26

OPERATOR (FEMALE)
answers phone.

OPERATOR
Los Angeles Animal Shelter.

27 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 27

JULIE
on phone.

JULIE
Is this the pound?

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
This is the Animal Shelter. May I help you?

JULIE
I lost a white German shepherd. A male.

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
What's his tag number?

JULIE
He lost his tag.

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
What's the number?

JULIE
(frustrated)
I don't know! He may have been picked up by you people.

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
Our last pickup trucks come in at five o'clock.

28 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY (CHOPPER SHOT) 28

TRAFFIC
Speeding, tiny cars. Vast, breathtaking Los Angeles below.

CLOSEUP JULIE (BANDANA ROUND HEAD)
behind wheel of convertible.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 28

JULIE'S CAR
zipping past cars.

29 INT. POUND - DAY 29

WALL CLOCK
reads: 4:30. SOUNDS of barking, yowling.

30 INT. POUND CELL BLOCK - DAY 30

BEDLAM NOISE
very loud as Julie moves down long corridor flanked by animals in narrow cages separated by chain link fence. She is frightened, horrified and even scared because of this dirty Dante's Inferno. Scared because death fills this corridor. She passes others desperately hunting for their animals: men, women, children. Julie reaches end of corridor after trying her best to catch a glimpse of the dog in those cages, each packed with six or more animals. She turns, passes a EMPLOYEES ONLY sign, passes a black worker wearing badge on his tan shirt. He wears green pants. In b.g. another worker is hosing the filth out of an isolated cage. Julie stops when:

BLACK WORKER
You're not allowed here, miss.

But Julie is hypnotized as she stares through a thick window in a closed door, not hearing the man, only looking at a dog pushed into a large, shiny, stainless steel cylinder. The circular hatch is closed. She knows but isn't sure something is happening right now, at that instant. Nausea and horror grip her. The black sees her trembling, sees the almost gaunt and haunted look in her face. He understands what is going through this young lady who's lost her animal.

BLACK WORKER
It's fast. When they hit that launching pad, it's all over fast.

JULIE
(in a daze)
Are they killing that dog right now?

BLACK WORKER
(gently)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: 30

JULIE
(a shaky whisper)
By gas?

BLACK WORKER
No. Compression.

CLOSE CLOSED CIRCULAR HATCH
fills screen.

BLACK WORKER'S VOICE:
They raise the air pressure in that chamber.

CLOSE JULIE
sick, staring, unable to move.

BLACK WORKER'S VOICE:
It's called implosion. The animal collapses inward.

JULIE
(fights passing out; angry)
It's happening right now, isn't it?

BLACK WORKER'S VOICE:
Dogs, cats, any animal...it's clean. No blood. No mess. Doesn't take long.

TWO SHOT JULIE AND BLACK WORKER
She turns, looks at him, rage in her eyes.

JULIE
That's wholesale murder!

He shares her emotion.

BLACK WORKER
(sarcastically)
They call it progress in murder.

WALL CLOCK
reads: 5:20.

31 EXT. POUND REAR YARD - DAY 31

JULIE, MEN, WOMEN, KIDS
waiting for appearance of the 5 o'clock last pickup trucks for the day. In b.g. are rows of parked trucks. A number of pound workers are conversing near them. The workers wear badges on tan shirts, and green pants.

JULIE
looking at:

LONG SHOT STREET
leading to the rear yard. No sign of trucks coming. PAN to face of a little girl looking at that street, waiting for her animal. MOVE down faces of men and women looking at that street, waiting for their animals... with hope...and the last hope...HOLD on Julie reacting to:

PICKUP TRUCK
appears, heading toward the yard.

JULIE AND OTHERS
move forward eagerly. A second truck appears behind the first, coming from another direction. To Julie the scene is heart-breaking as animals are unloaded from truck by workers and she, with others, surge forward - each to find a lost animal. Dogs bark. Some are vicious. Others frightened. Cats are squirming, try to get away. Julie watches the little girl find her terrier and hug him. Several others find their animals.

JULIE
hunting.

FAST SHOTS DOGS
Julie passes.

SEVERAL MORE TRUCKS
pull in. Animals are led out and into the pound as Julie, seeing her last chance die, moves more rapidly among them, more desperately. The animals have been marched into the pound. Julie, men, women, kids who have not found their animals look off for the appearance of more trucks.

WORKER
(to Julie and group)
That's the last of 'em for today.
You can check tomorrow's pickup.

CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

Old man, young woman, elderly couple - all in shock. Parents of children try to pull the kids away. The kids refuse. They cry. MOVE TO CLOSE of Julie as their cries are her cry, but she makes no sound.

32 INT. POUND OFFICE - DAY 32

POLAROID OF THE DOG
on desk, Julie writing her phone number on bottom margin. She places a $20 bill next to polaroid. ANGLE past man behind desk to Julie as:

JULIE
Call me - please - and I'll come right down to pick up my dog!

For the first time she has said my dog.

33 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 33

JULIE
staring at the lights of LA below...at the lights of moving traffic.

34 EXT. FRONT OF JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 34

JULIE
staring at: PAN to LONG SHOT of street.

35 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 35

TV NEWS
on. Julie has dozed off near the set. The phone rings twice. She's half-awake.

JULIE
Hello?

CHARLIE'S VOICE:
Julie. Charlie Felton. Terrible news!

JULIE
(half-groggy)
I'll find him, Charlie.

CHARLIE'S VOICE:
Find who?

JULIE
(stiffening)
What's your terrible news, Charlie?

36 INT. CHARLIE FELTON'S OFFICE AT HOME - NIGHT 36

CHARLIE
on phone in corner of his writing office. Typewriter, books, etc. Charlie is sweating and hates to say:

CHARLIE
They picked Alice Royal for the part! I just got it from the boss.

JULIE'S VOICE:
But they haven't seen my test yet!

CHARLIE
She had it locked in from the start.

37 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 37

JULIE
still thunderstruck. The whole world crashing down on her. She's in shock as she mutters the words:

JULIE
They haven't seen my test...

38 EXT. VENTURA BLVD - NIGHT 38

GIANT PANCAKE BRUSH
spinning like a record advances, filling screen with a roar as it grinds dirt from pavement. Brush passes, only to be followed by powerful jets of water cleaning the street.

GIANT STREET CLEANING TRUCK
advancing like a tank, water bursting from at the front and from the sides, the brush grinding dirt. The truck swings out to bypass a parked car, turns in again to clean the pavement, passing shops, all closed, some with lights on.

THE WHITE DOG
investigating a street trash can placed near the curb, looks up, sees:

STREET CLEANING TRUCK
advancing toward him like a monster, streams of water bursting out like foam coming from a dragon's mouth

THE DOG
stiffens to face the dragon, letting out a growl.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

TRUCK (FROM DOG'S POV - SHOOTING UP)
actually takes on the eerie grotesque illusion of an attacking monster.

THE DOG
unafraid, standing his ground.

TRUCK
advancing closer, its roar louder, the scraping of the whirlwind brush making an unearthly sound.

CLOSE THE DOG
not moving as he's hit by the whirling brush and deluged by powerful bursts of water. Barking furiously, drenched, he sees:

TRUCK (DOG'S POV)
passing. Figure of the driver is dim. Both sides of the cab are open.

THE DOG
snarls, his eyes fill with one look: attack. MOVE TO CLOSE OF MOUTH. The snarl is no ordinary snarl. It is vicious, primitive, deadly. The mouth leaps.

DRIVER IN MOVING TRUCK
is suddenly attacked by the leaping dog that hits the man with the force of a sledge hammer. MOVE with truck as man tries to protect himself from the fangs.

TRUCK
out of control, crosses the boulevard, sideswipes a parked car.

CLOSE THE DOG
as top side of car brushes his legs during the attack on the man.

TRUCK ZIGZAGS
down street, jumps the curb and crashes through big display window. A flash of the white dog leaping out of the cab and running off.

CLOSER TRUCK
still charging with momentum through white and black faced mannequins in expensive shop.

THE DRIVER
tumbling headfirst from cab, his foot snagged by metal support under seat, his body dangling as mannequins are wrecked.

39 INT. SHOP - NIGHT 39

TRUCK
smashes into shop like a tank, brush whirling, water spraying, leaving wake of drenched debris, crashes over racks of dresses, rams a counter, is stopped by mound of heavy debris, its angle like a tank on a rock - front up.

BRUSH (SHOOTING UP)
still whirling . Water spouting from the dragon's mouth. Water spouting from its sides. Driver still hanging, head down. MOVE TO CLOSEUP of the driver. He is unconscious,bleeding and black.

40 EXT. HILLS - NIGHT 40

CLOSEUP THE DOG
snarling, eyes wild. He moves through the brush, on the prowl. Danger moves with him. We hope he does not run into anyone: man, woman or child, in his seizure of this ferocity.

ANOTHER ANGLE THE DOG
moving through the brush, stops CLOSEUP. Gone is the snarl. Gone is the wild look. He sniffs his way around, starts a hazardous climb up the brush toward the top of the hill.

41 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 41

JULIE
still in shock over the loss of that 20 second drunken role, is sitting by the TV set, not hearing a word of the news being reported. She is at the lowest ebb in her life. The dog that saved her life is gone. The part that would have launched her career is going to be played by someone else. She hears the squeaking of the faulty kitchen door opening. She sits up like an exclamation point. The image of the rapist fills her with panic. She looks around for something - anything - to protect her. That wouldn't do any good! She picks up the phone, dials the operator...hears it ringing... hears a SOUND in the kitchen...hears phone ringing... terror surges through her...

OPERATOR'S VOICE:
Operator.

JULIE
Police station. Hurry. Please, I ---

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED: 41

She looks toward the kitchen, reacts --with delight!

THE DOG
staring at her.

JULIE

JULIE
Never mind, operator!

She storms toward the dog with anger and relief.
He jumps on her, stands on hind legs, licks her face.

JULIE
I ought to paddle your ass, you bastard! You made a wreck out of me!

She hugs him, sees dirt on his face, dried blood on his mouth and neck.

JULIE
You got into a fight over some bitch, didn't you? I hope your stitches didn't break open.
(examines stitches)
No, they're OK. Come on, you filthy, beautiful dog!

42 INT. JULIE'S SHOWER - NIGHT 42

JULIE
washing dirt, mud, blood off with handheld showerhead. The dog loves it, plays with showerhead, knocks it out of her soapy hand. Water hits her. She reaches for showerhead, but his paw pushes it away. Showerhead goes berserk, drenches her. Blood is pink now as she laughs, seizes showerhead, aims water at him from all angles. Roar of shower, her laughter, his playful barking fills steamy stall as SLOWLY MOVE thru her house to LIVING ROOM to the TV reporter in front of shop wreckage. Firemen. Sanitation truck being pulled by two rescue trucks.

TV REPORTER
-and the streetcleaning truck went out of control. Our man at Riverside Hospital reports that the unconscious driver will live

43 EXT. SKY - DAY 43

SUN
blinding.

44 INT. JULIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 44

LOS ANGELES
below blotted out by smog. Roland looking thru big window at solid gray landscape.

ROLAND
I don't know how those pilots land in that muck.

JULIE'S VOICE:
They get hazard pay, like para-troopers in the war.

Roland turns. PULL BACK with him stepping to the table she has set. Two candles burning. He pours wine. From this slightly HIGHER ANGLE smog through window can be seen.

ROLAND
How do you know they got hazard pay?

Trailed by the dog, Julie enters with plate of food, puts it on floor as:

JULIE
I read it in a script.

She exits, the dog following her back into kitchen. She returns with two plates loaded with lamb chops, the dog behind her. She points to plate on floor, goes to her chair. Roland pulls it out for her. She sits.

JULIE
Thank you.

He sits close to her. The dog goes to work on his food as they clink glasses, drink.

ROLAND
I think I'll write a dog story.

JULIE
Write about my dog.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

Roland is amused by the "my" dog.

ROLAND
Why not? Maybe that one they'd let me direct.

JULIE
And star both of us.

They laugh, drink. He refills glasses. They begin on their lamb chops.

ROLAND
So you're working tomorrow.

JULIE
A tourist in a gondola.

ROLAND
Any lines?

She holds up two fingers as:

JULIE
A breeze would blow them overboard.

As they talk a brisk wind slowly blows the smog away and thru big window the clear beauty of Los Angeles is seen - the way it used to be.

ROLAND
You said this would be a fifty percent candlelight luncheon. You mean Dutch treat?

JULIE
Of course not. I am only fifty percent happy.

Roland gestures with glass toward the dog.

ROLAND
The return of the lone wolf.

She nods.

ROLAND
And it would've been one hundred percent had you gotten the drunk role.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

She nods.

ROLAND
She's not the first girl to have a part locked in from the start.

JULIE
(angrily)
She stole my big break!

ROLAND
(amused)
Julie, there's nothing wrong in getting the big break - if you're the girl in the sack.

JULIE
That's Hollywood for you!

ROLAND
(laughs)
It happens all over the world, Julie. The squeak of a bedspring can become the break for any girl no matter what business she is in. Politics. Steel. Cars. Advertising. Wall Street. Main Street. Park Avenue.

JULIE
At least the bastard could have looked at my test!

They drink.

JULIE
The part wasn't that good anyway.

ROLAND
Only thirty seconds.

JULIE
Twenty.

ROLAND
What can you do in twenty seconds?

JULIE
Nothing!

ROLAND
What's in the middle of a bagel?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

JULIE
Nothing!

ROLAND
Then why waste this good wine talking about nothing?

They drain their glasses. He refills them.

JULIE
It's healthy to make fun of something you want and didn't get... Thank you!

They drink, lean over, kiss. MOVE to the dog finishing his food. He looks up, cocks his head at what he sees, slowly pads across room to Julie and Roland on the couch, kissing. MOVE TO CLOSEUP of Roland feeling hot breath on his face. He turns his head. PAN to the dog's face two inches away, eye-level. Back to Roland, EASING slightly to include Julie as:

ROLAND
(softly)
Don't you think we should put him outside?

JULIE
Why?

The dog jumps on the couch, licks her face. She smiles. Roland extricates himself, stands up as Julie playfully pushes the dog off the couch and also stands up.

JULIE
I'll put him outside.

Roland raises his palm, and tragically:

ROLAND
The matinee moment is dead. Long live Saint Francis of Assisi who blessed all animals. Even dogs.
(they nod solemnly)
His owner must be very broad-minded.
(glances at his watch)
See you tomorrow, Julie. Dinner on me.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

She walks him to the door, trailed by the dog, as:

JULIE
What do you think I should call him?

ROLAND
Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn!

They laugh. Roland exits. She looks at the dog.

JULIE
(smiling)
Point killer!

45 INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY 45

THE DOG
on leash held by Julie, is admired by a few crew members, a gondolier and guitar player both in costume, and Julie wearing airline stewardess' uniform, a camera slunground her neck. The director joins them.

DIRECTOR
Whose dog?

JULIE
Mine.

DIRECTOR
Noisy?

JULIE
Quiet as a lamb and twice as gentle.

DIRECTOR
If he barks or breaks anything, it's coming out of your check.

JULIE
Yes, sir. About that first line of mine?

DIRECTOR
What line?

JULIE
I only have two. I could get more character into the part if I said something about Byron.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

DIRECTOR
Character? You and Molly are one of four fast cuts of tourists enjoying Venice. This is a twelve day picture. No time for character. Say your two lines and go home.

JULIE
Yes, sir.

She leads the dog to a corner, ties leash to bottom of a big lamp.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
Julie, let's go. Molly's ready.

BACK PROJECTOR
is turned on. PULL BACK, passing the screen. On it a flickering stock shot of moving down the Grand Canal, passing other gondolas going the other way. HOLD ON Julie and MOLLY (also in stewardess' uniform) in gondola. Molly, beautiful black girl, also has camera slung round her neck. With them... the gondolier and guitarist. DURING THE PULLBACK:

CAMERAMAN'S VOICE:
It's not in sync. Too much damn flickering.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
They'll call it artistic in France. Start the playback.

Voice of man singing Italian song, sound of guitar playing.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
Let's go.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
Roll 'em.

VOICE:
Speed.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE:
Action.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

The gondolier maneuvers his oar, the singer fakes singing to the music. Sun hitting water reflects on faces of Julie and Molly. Wind blows kerchiefs round the necks of gondolier and guitarist. And there it is - two girls actually riding down the Grand Canal in Venice.

JULIE
(pointing)
That's where Lord Byron lived.

MOLLY
I love his poetry.

They snap pictures. PULL BACK to a man aiming a big reflector at them, moving it up and down to give appearance of sun hitting water reflecting on their faces. Two men gently move the mounted gondola to give illusion of it bobbing. A man operates the wind machine. HOLD on camera and crew in f.g. their backs to us.

THE DOG
sees:

LONG SHOT GONDOLA
beyond camera crew. No sign of Julie or Molly because of angle of gondola on its mount. Molly stands up in gondola.

THE DOG
reacts to:

CLOSE MOLLY'S BLACK FACE
She takes a picture.

THE DOG
snarls, his eyes fill with one look: attack. MOVE to CLOSE OF HIS MOUTH. The same primitive, vicious snarl appears. The mouth leaps.

LEASH
holds him back.

JULIE'S VOICE:
That's the Bridge of Sighs.

THE DOG
charges, tugs, charges.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

LEASH
comes free.

FAST MOVING CLOSEUP THE DOG'S SNARL
charging.

MOLLY'S VOICE:
It's beautiful.

THE DOG
barges through crew like a bullet, leaps up to the gondola. CHARGE IN with the dog knocking Julie aside and attacking Molly. Screams. Yells. Panic.

LIGHTNING SHOTS INTERCUT
Molly trying to protect herself. Dog attacking. Molly trying to jump out of gondola.

THE DOG
attacks again.

MOLLY'S BACK
Uniform, shirt ripped off, baring her black torn skin. Blood spurting.

GONDOLIER
hits the dog with the oar.

MOLLY
crashes to floor from gondola.

THE DOG
leaps down.

MAN WITH REFLECTOR
bravely aims it into the dog's eyes, blinding him for a second.

MOLLY
is carried out by two workers.

GONDOLIER
brings oar down again on the dog, halting him from going after Molly.

CLOSEUP JULIE
in shock.

46 EXT. BACK OF JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 46

ROLAND
looking at the smog over Los Angeles.

ROLAND
Fortunately, Molly didn't press charges, but you won't be that lucky the next time.

Julie, feeding the dog, looks up, puzzled.

JULIE
The next time?

ROLAND
And there'll be one. You've got yourself an attack dog.

JULIE
I don't know what you are talking about.

ROLAND
Some dogs are trained by professionals to be attack dogs.

JULIE
Roland, you came late into this scene. I tried to contact you hours ago.

ROLAND
I told you, I was at the beach. Isolated house. His phone was out of order. I'm sorry.

JULIE
I'm not talking about the dinner we didn't have. I'm talking about the set.

CLOSE THE DOG
eating, looking up, watching them.

JULIE'S VOICE:
(cont)
Something had to provoke him on that set to make him go berserk and go at Molly.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

MOVE TO CLOSEUP of the dog's eyes looking up.

ROLAND'S VOICE:
Put him to sleep.

JULIE'S VOICE:
Why?

Dog's eyes dart to Julie.

ROLAND'S VOICE:
I can understand why his owner never claimed him.

Dog's eyes dart to Roland.

ROLAND'S VOICE:
(cont)
The poor bastard didn't have the guts to kill him, or have him killed.

THE THREE

JULIE
Will you stop talking about killing the dog?

ROLAND
Julie...Molly wasn't his first victim and she sure as hell won't be his last. Put him to sleep while he's acting normal.

JULIE
Never!

ROLAND
This is your chance. Drive him to the pound. Right now. It'll be over in seconds.

JULIE
Seconds? You know how they put dogs to sleep? I was there! I saw it. It's horrible!

ROLAND
Don't compare him with those animals.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

Julie speaks to the dog.

JULIE
Let's go!

She starts to leave. Roland seizes her arm, spins her around.

THE DOG
reacts, growls.

ROLAND'S VOICE:
Those dogs at the pound are victims of population control. Money.

THE THREE

ROLAND
(cont)
No money to feed or house them. But those dogs are innocent.
(points at the dog)
But that dog has got to be stopped before he kills anyone. He's sick!

JULIE
Then he should be treated.

ROLAND
Too late. The people who made him sick made him permanently sick.

JULIE
Then they should be put to sleep, not the dog!

ROLAND
Julie, he's a four-legged time bomb. Even dogs trained by the police and military turn on their owners.

JULIE
All right, let's say you're right! Somebody trained him to be an attack dog. All right! But there's got to be a place where they help sick dogs, where they untrain such dogs - and I'll find such a place!

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

She starts toward the house. He makes a move to stop her.

THE DOG
growls, moving between them, daring Roland to take one step.

THE THREE

ROLAND
Julie! The sonoabitch is ready to attack me because he thinks I'm going to hurt you!

Julie stops, turns, stares at Roland.

JULIE
I don't see him attacking you.

ROLAND
Don't prolong the danger! Nobody can retrain an attack dog and guarantee the dog 100% safe and reliable. Nobody!

JULIE
You made your point! He's my responsibility.

Roland angrily makes a move forward. The dog growls. Roland stops.

ROLAND
Don't you gamble with lives, Julie! He can turn on anybody. On a baby. On me. On you! That's what happens to an attack dog. He gets all mixed up. Unpredictable.

JULIE
Nobody's going to put him to sleep! Nobody! Good night, Roland.

ROLAND
I'll have to call the police if you don't - or get chewed up in the next five minutes trying!

She stiffens, moves toward him, waves the dog aside. The dog hesitates, then moves to one side. She reaches Roland.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED: 46

JULIE
Roland - please - there's got
to be somebody who can help him!

MOVE DOWN to CLOSEUP of the dog looking up at her.

47 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAY 47

CLOSEUP ROARING LION
leaps.

LION
attacks KEYS, a black man. They wrestle, roll.
Keys drives a knife into the lion.

KEYS
(a command)
Still!

The lion obeys, acts dead. Keys pats the lion.

KEYS
(gently)
That's fine, Leo. Up!

The lion stands up. Keys stands up, winded, drenched with sweat, tosses knife to a trainer.

KEYS
Exactly the way I did, Hank.
Action and words.

Hank faces the lion. The lion stands rigidly.

KEYS
Agitate him.

Hank does, but not enough. Keys adds that touch - a touch existing between all animals and Keys - that is eerie, magical, exciting. The clash of their eyes, the speed, the agility both share is what separates Keys from all trainers. The agitated lion responds like a thunderous piano to the virtuoso's touch. Keys retreats and simultaneously Hank moves into his place. The lion leaps at Hank. They wrestle, roll, repeating exactly same scene Leo rehearsed with Keys. Hank repeats the same commands after driving knife into Leo. Leo stands up. Hank stands up. Keys nods "OK". Hank collapses the knife, hooks it locked, drops it into his shirt pocket as:

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED: 47

KEYS
Drive him out to the Columbia ranch, Hank, get him acclimated to their jungle set, tell the director that Leo knows his role right down to the last growl.

HANK
OK, Keys.

DOLLY KEYS
thru the sprawling zoo, passing a man agitating a dog to attack him, now giving an order to another trainer, passing lion dens, snake pits, alligator pools, monkey houses, kangaroo cages. Keys is that rare combination of a man: damn good looking, gentle, tough with quiet authority. His walk in this shot, without a cut, is of command. He is co-owner of Noah's Ark, the chief trainer, a well-educated man ... and an enigma to his employees and to his co-partner, Carruthers. There's a gaunt but kind look about Keys' face, a face that belongs in the academic world. There's something about his frame that makes one think one is watching a cat in motion. He passes a middle-aged black trainer, Joe, and smiles.

JOE
That bonus saved my ass, Keys. Thanks.

KEYS
Forget it, Joe. Work on that Brazilian jaguar. Speed up his responses.

JOE
Anything you say, Keys.

Keys approaches a house near the entrance, bearing the sign: OFFICE. Across from it is a smaller house. He goes into the smaller house that bears no sign, passing his parked Mercedes.

48 INT. KEYS' HOUSE - DAY 48

SKULLS
of men, dogs, monkeys, cats on a long table. Without stopping, Keys pulls off his sweat-streaked shirt and goes into his living quarters in the back, turns on the shower, disappears as SLOWLY move past wall charts

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

of ABNORMALITIES OF THE ANIMAL BRAIN...ANIMAL BEHAVIOR...TISSUE ELEMENTS OF THE DOG BRAIN... and many books - among them - Darwin's ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES, Hooton's APES, MEN AND MORONS, THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL STUDIES OF APES, DOGS, CATS -- revealing Keys the man he is - a rugged trainer of animals for movies, TV, commercials -- and a scientist of animal behavior.

49 INT. JULIE'S CAR - DAY 49

THE DOG
wearing muzzle. Julie looking ahead for the side road.

50 EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY 50

JULIE'S CAR
reaches the side road, turns off - kicking up clouds of dust from the dirt road. The canvas top is up.

DUST
settling to reveal sign with arrow: NOAH'S ARK. 5 MILES.

51 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 51

HIGH SHOT JULIE'S CAR
leaving trail of dustclouds. The area is vast and desolate.

52 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAY 52

JULIE'S CAR
approaches,leaving wake of dust, slows down and turns into the arched entrance. Above the arch is a giant replica of Noah's Ark with figures of every animal species, two of a kind. On the Ark in small letters: CARRUTHERS & KEYS. Below it in big, bold size: NOAH'S ARK. Dust rises from the car's wake. When it settles,she has parked near the OFFICE and is getting out with the dog on a leash. She opens the small iron gate of the iron fence, leads the dog toward the door. The dog sniffs at the flowers. Julie tugs. The dog follows her. It is impossible to enjoy flowers through a muzzle.

53 INT. CARRUTHER'S OFFICE - DAY (INCLUDING EXT. OFFICE-SAME SHOT) 53

FOUR BY THREE FOOT PRODUCTION SCHEDULE (WITH ACETATE) on wall, listing studios, names of movies, animals rented, dates. It also includes schedule of TV shows and commercials. All dates marked in red grease pencil.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

MOVE past wall packed with framed pictures of Carruthers posing with famous stars and the animals in their films, photos of Carruthers training animals, of Carruthers going back to pre-World War movies, posing with the world-famous old film stars, of Carruther's famous stars: dogs, cats, ducks, birds, chimps, elephants, etc. Over this:

CARRUTHER'S VOICE:
No, not a chance. Angel, Jiggs and Igor are on an exclusive to Clint. If Burt wants monkeys, he'll have to take Josephine and B.J.

HOLD on CARRUTHERS on the phone, a big handsome man pushing mid-sixties, a shock of grayish-white hair, and a man devoted to animals and business. The other phone rings. At the same time there is a knock on the door.

CARRUTHERS
(calling out)
It's open.
(into phone)
I've got another call. Let me know by tomorrow.
(hangs up; into other phone)
Noah's Ark, Carruther's speaking.

He looks at: WHIP to THE MUZZLE filling screen, ease to Julie closing door behind her, the leashed dog looking around the office. Julie is nervous.

CARRUTHER'S VOICE:
Have a chair, young lady.

Julie nods, sits, pats the dog's head. EASE BACK to Carruthers on second phone.

CARRUTHERS
I don't think that can be arranged, Mr. Stockwell. I'll have a man Keys will pick to -- No! Keys's loaded down with four schedules to meet. We'll give you a trainer who'll get that cougar to sit on a car with a girl wearing a bikini. And it'll be on the weekly rate. OK.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

CARRUTHERS
Be right with you, young lady.

He stands, marks the cougar job and date on the production schedule, selects a cigar from desk humidor next to big open check books. Next to it the adding machine. Bills litter desk.

CARRUTHERS
Mind cigar smoke?

JULIE
No.

CARRUTHERS
(lighting up)
Well, what kind of animal do you want to rent?

Before she can speak, he continues as he sits.

CARRUTHERS
Are you making a movie or a TV show or a commercial? We've got the smartest gorilla in the business. Does great documentaries.

JULIE
My name is Julie Sawyer. I was told that you're the best in your line, the best animal trainers.

CARRUTHERS
That's right, we are! We don't have to advertise like the rest. Everbody knows we're the best. And the oldest!

JULIE
(very nervously)
I have a problem, Mr. Carruthers.

CARRUTHERS
(exploding)
<u>You</u> have a problem!

He jumps up.

CARRUTHERS
I'll tell you about problems!

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

He seizes several darts from under the checkbook, throws one. WHIP with thrown dart as it stabs big photograph pasted on dartboard. The photo is of R2 D2, the robot of STAR WARS.

CARRUTHERS' VOICE:
That's the enemy!

EASE BACK including them as he throws darts and:

CARRUTHERS
Over forty years of training animals for movies and it's come down to putting us in storage for a piece of tin with blinking red lights! Are you married?

JULIE
(tense; must be polite)
No.

CARRUTHERS
Any children?

JULIE
(can't help smiling)
No.

CARRUTHERS
When you have them by the time they're 25 they're not going to see any animals. Everybody's worried about water and food and ecology and all that - but animals! They're the spice of life, always has been - until those robots took over. Everything's outer space. Today they give a kid a computer instead of a puppy. Mark my words, young lady, pretty soon there'll be no animals in movies, no actors - just robots!

He grabs a picture from the wall, shows her a photo of Wayne and himself. He is in his element. He has a new ear to listen to his record. But she must get to the point. She likes him. But she gets as far as:

(CONTINUED)

JULIE
Mr. Carruthers -

CARRUTHERS
Did you see "True Grit"? Remember when Duke reached down with his hand into that hole full of rattlers?

Puts photo down, thrusts his hand out in front of her eyes.

CARRUTHERS
That's the hand that did it! That hand helped Duke win the Oscar!

JULIE
I want to talk to you about my dog.

CARRUTHERS
You want to rent him? Is that it? Can he walk the tightrope looking like a drunk? I got a call for one.

JULIE
(quietly, shaky)
I really do have a problem.

He sees it in her face, hangs the Wayne picture back on the wall, sits behind the desk. His attitude has changed. He feels her tension, her anxiety.

CARRUTHERS
I'm listening.

JULIE
I want you to kind of teach him -
(gropingly)
- or rather unteach him something bad he has been taught to do.

Carruthers leans forward, looks at the dog, then at her.

CARRUTHERS
You want me to unlearn him what they learned him to do.

JULIE
Yes.

Carruthers studies the dog.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

CARRUTHERS
He's an attack dog.

JULIE
(hard to say it)
Yes.

The silence seems like an eternity to Julie.

CARRUTHERS
A friend of mine had a German shepherd for eight years, lived with him, slept with him, hunted, fished with him, did everything with him. Then one night that dog turned around and chewed my friend's jugular right out. That dog was an old attack dog.

JULIE
Please, will you help him?

CARRUTHERS
Can't.

JULIE
At least <u>try</u>! I'm desperate, and I'm scared of what will happen to him.

CARRUTHERS
Can't be done. You can't unteach a dog. Nobody can.

JULIE
There must be <u>one</u> man you know who can!

CARRUTHERS
(taken off guard)
There <u>is</u>.

JULIE
<u>Who</u>?

Carruthers made the slip. Angry with himself. He must correct it. But she's waiting, eyes on him, waiting as if she knows he made that slip.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

CARRUTHERS
Oh, heard about him...that was years ago... don't even know his name...probably dead now...

He watches her. Does she know he's lying? He feels lousy about lying.

JULIE
(ready to cry)
You're my last resort! If you don't help him, they'll put him to sleep.

CARRUTHERS
They should!

He gets up, wanting her to leave, is relieved when she stands up. He passes an animal pole loop against wall.

CARRUTHERS
I want to give you a tip, young lady, take him to the pound and a lot of people will sleep better tonight with that dog out of circulation.

He opens the door for her as:

CARRUTHERS
There's nothing you can do for an attack dog that's gone bad.

54 EXT. OFFICE - NOAH'S ARK -DAY 54

Suddenly the dog charges out. Jerked off her feet as she holds onto the leash, Julie is dragged along the dirt by the powerful dog that leaps over the fence as Julie crashes into it, losing her grip on the leash. The dog hurls himself on Joe, slamming the black trainer to the ground. The entire action has taken three seconds. Carruthers runs out through the gate, seizes the leash, pulls the resisting powerful dog, tries to stop him from breaking Joe's nose and gouging his eyes with the muzzle that pounds with the force and speed of a trip-hammer. Carruthers finally manages to drag the dog back enough to tie the leash around an iron bar of the fence, helps Julie get up as Joe groggily gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

JULIE
stunned, covered with dirt, is close to the fence that shakes as the dog tries to get at the terrified Joe.

JOE
(yelling)
Kill that bastard! Kill that White Dog! Kill him! Kill him, Carruthers! Kill him!

His shouting brings Keys out of his house. Wearing fresh khakis, he swiftly joins them.

JOE
Keys! That's a White Dog! Get your gun! Kill him!

Julie is sucked in deeper into the nightmare as she sees the dog go berserk when he sees Keyes. Now there are two black targets for the animal. Carruthers moves very close to the furious dog tugging at the leash. Carruthers is testing him.

KEYS
closely watches the test.

GROUP
The dog, lunging furiously so close to Carruthers, does not lunge at the white man. Julie's confusion mounts. Everything has happened so fast, so crazily.

CARRUTHERS
(to Julie)
That's not just an attack dog you've got. It's a White Dog!

JULIE
Of course he's a white dog!

CARRUTHERS
I don't mean his color. That dog's been trained to attack and kill blacks!

JULIE
That's crazy! Crazy! I don't believe it!

Joe angrily pulls up his trouser leg, revealing a big ugly scar.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

JOE
See that scar, lady! I was 14 when I got it. A White Dog done it! You got poison on that leash, lady. You got a goddam racist dog! Kill him!

CARRUTHERS
You better get your dog out of here right now.

JULIE
(remembering Molly; horrified)
You mean he was trained just to attack blacks?

Carruthers reaches out to untie the leash.

CARRUTHERS
I'll take him to your car.

She seizes his hand, stopping it.

JULIE
No! No! Now you've got to help him! You've got to! There must be some way to get that poison out of his head!

Keys moves closer to the dog who wildly uses every ounce of strength to break the leash. Keys studies him, just outside the dog's reach. The rage in the dog increases. This black man, this enemy, is taunting him, staring at him, so close, and beyond reach. One inch! That is all the dog needs to smash in that black face with the muzzle. But Keys holds his ground - eyeball-to-eyeball with the dog going insane.

FAST SHOTS JULIE, CARRUTHER, JOE
intercut, watching:

CLOSE KEYS' EYES
staring at:

CLOSE THE DOG'S EYES
exploding with murder.

CARRUTHERS
doesn't like what is taking place as he sees:

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: 54

KEYS
calmly studying the dog, showing a different kind of interest in the dog rather than just that of a trainer.

CARRUTHERS
knows exactly the challenge going on in Keys' mind. It makes Carruthers unhappy. It makes him grim.

JOE

JOE
I'm calling the police right now!
Tell 'em we got a White Dog here!

KEYS
still studying the dog an inch away from him.

KEYS
(quietly)
Joe, forget the police.

JOE
advances so he can see Keys' face. And what Joe sees is what Carruthers has seen. And Joe hates what he knows Keys is deciding to do.

JOE
Keys, if you work on that dog -
I go!

JULIE
reacts to those words, moves closer to Carruthers.

JULIE
(tense)
He's the man, isn't he?
(Carruthers glances at her)
The one that's probably dead now.

Corruther's silence as he looks at her confirms her statement.

KEYS AND THE DOG
still facing each other. Keys makes his decision.

KEYS
Take a vacation for five weeks, Joe. If I don't crack him, I'll kill him.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

As if the dog understood, he reachest the highest point of raging fury. MOVE to the grim Carruthers, and then to Julie whose face shows confusion, horror, hope and fear. This is her last stop. It's up to Keys now. A black man and a racist dog.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

55 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 55

MOVING CLOSE FLOWERS AND PACKAGED BOOK
carried down corridor.

56 INT. MOLLY'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 56

MOLLY IN BED
propped on her side to keep off her back. Half of her beautiful black face bandaged, one arm and hand of the other bandaged. Thru window: L.A. lights. Gentle rap on door.

MOLLY
Come in.

DOOR
is opened. Flash of nurse walking past in corridor. Flowers and package enter. Door is closed.

MOLLY
happy it's Julie.

MOLLY
(kidding)
I hope you didn't bring that damn dog with you!

FLOWERS AND PACKAGE
carried to the bed.

JULIE'S VOICE:
They didn't allow visitors till now.

MOLLY

MOLLY
I'm glad you're the first one, Julie.

Molly watches flowers put on table, then looks up not watching Julie's hands unwrap paper and hold up the big picture book on History of Hollywood. Molly is only watching:

JULIE'S FACE
filled with guilt.

MOLLY
Her big beautiful black eyes know how terrible Julie must feel. She feels sorry for Julie.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

MOLLY
Julie...don't make me feel any worse with that long guilty face of yours. It wasn't your fault. It was an accident. And I'm fully covered by the Screen Actors Guild and Blue Cross.

INCLUDE the two as Molly's words force a weak, fake smile from Julie.

MOLLY
That's better. I'm a lucky girl, Julie. Up to this morning I've been scared to death about rabies. I kept sees that mile-long needle stabbed into my stomach. But the Doc said I'm okay. Whew! No needle!

JULIE
Molly...

MOLLY
(kindly)
Don't ask if there's anything you can do for me. You've done it. You're here. Where did you get that Hound of the Baskervilles?

JULIE
Found him in the hills.

MOLLY
Aha! That's the danger of picking up a stranger! You don't know what family background he has. Is he still with you?

JULIE
No.

MOLLY
Good!

JULIE
Is there much pain?

MOLLY
(dodging question)
Julie...I've gone over it a hundred times...What do you think spooked that mutt?

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

Julie dies inside.

JULIE
What do you think?

57 EXT. PACIFIC - NIGHT 57

CLOSE BIG ANGRY WAVES
crash on surf.

58 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT 58

JULIE'S CAR
turns off onto a narrow dirt road.

59 EXT. ROLAND'S SHACK - NIGHT 59

JULIE'S CAR
has to stop one hundred yards from the shack. Parked are Roland's car and an old station wagon. She walks the wild area of bushes and trees when suddenly a MUTT jumps on her - scaring the hell out of her. The mutt just wants to play. She keeps going toward the lights in the small shack.

60 INT. ROLAND'S SHACK - NIGHT 60

ROLAND AND ARNIE (A YOUNG LONGHAIRED PRODUCER) drinking beer from bottles. The small living room is Roland's library and workshop.

ARNIE
I haven't lost faith in your script. It's great. And you'll make a hell of a director but the German tax shelter caved in and the Canadian tax shelter said no can make.

ROLAND
(stunned)
Why not?

Knock on door. Roland opens it. Julie enters, stops short, surprised to find Arnie.

JULIE
Oh! Hello, Arnie.

60 CONTINUED: 60

ARNIE
Hello, Julie. I heard about the trouble on that Venice film. What's it called?

JULIE
Murder In The Gondola.

ARNIE
Oh, yes. Too bad. You saw the dog chew the hell out of that actress, didn't you?

JULIE
(to Roland)
When I phoned you didn't tell me you were busy.

ARNIE
I was just going.

As he finishes the beer:

ROLAND
Why did the Canadians turn me down?

Arnie crosses to door and opens it as:

ARNIE
Because you're an American. They want your script but a Canadian has to direct it. Don't worry, Roland, you're going to direct your script and I'm going to produce it if I have to go to Iran to get the money. They're loaded now. Night, Julie. Call you, Roland.

He exits.

ROLAND
How's Molly doing?

JULIE
Slowly, but she has more spunk than Scarlett O'Hara.

ROLAND
Was the dog rabid?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

JULIE
No.

ROLAND
(relieved)
What about Molly's face?

JULIE
A big plastic job.

ROLAND
And the dog?

JULIE
They're working on him.

ROLAND
They confirmed what I said?

She nods.

ROLAND
An attack dog.

JULIE
You were right. They said he's an attack dog.

ROLAND
And?

JULIE
(dying again)
And what?

ROLAND
Is that <u>all</u> they had to say?

JULIE
Yes! They're going to retrain him to be safe and reliable.
(switching without pause)
Roland, I want to stay here tonight.

ROLAND
(smiling)
Very flattering.

60 CONTINUED: 60

JULIE
I'm scared at night without the dog.

ROLAND
(dryly amused)
Not so flattering.

JULIE
It's not funny! If someone tried to rape and kill you, you would be afraid to sleep alone, too!

Roland laughs.

ROLAND
That, my dear Julie, is a dream every man has from the day he first played with his metaphor.

He opens the door.

ROLAND
Some chop suey?

JULIE
(feeling better)
Yes, Roland. Some chop suey.

They exit. MOVE TO CLOSE of books, SLOWLY PASSING paperbacks MURDER ON PLANET X by ROLAND GRAY... MURDER ON PLANET Y by ROLAND GRAY...MURDER ON PLANET Z by ROLAND GRAY...

61 INT. KEYS' HOUSE - NIGHT 61

SLOWLY PASSING BOOKS (CHOPIN MUSIC, VERY QUIETLY) ANIMAL ANTHROPOMETRY...ANIMAL INCREASE AND DECREASE IN STATURE...PEDIGREE OF WILD AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS... PASS redcord player, HOLD on Keys in bed - a painting - black and white - one pencil light on the book he is reading - all around him black.

62 EXT. ARENA - NOAH'S ARK - DAY 62

CLOSE THE MUZZLED DOG
savagely slams against iron bars in one of the many small "containing" cages inside the gigantic dome-like iron-barred structure called "The Arena" where unbroken beasts are broken - and because of the barred dome, cannot escape. SLOWLY PULL BACK to Keys sitting on a

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

box six feet away from the muzzle slamming against the bars. Keys is pulling up heavy protective pants over his trousers as he looks at the infuriated dog. Keys stands. Carruthers helps him into the heavy protective jacket. Keys turns around, facing the eyes above the muzzle glaring at him as Carruthers fastens two big buckle straps on the back of the jacket. Now Carrathurs holds out one big, bulky protective arm sleeve. Keys thrusts his arm thru, seizing iron grip inside the hand hidden under protective fabric. The dog watches Keys thrust his other arm thru the arm-hand sleeve. Carruthers puts the protective helmet on Keys -- thick mesh in front of face, a cross between a football helmet and a space man's head gear. In fact, now ready for the joust, the gladiator Keys looks like a space man. Keys stands in front of the dog's cage and with gradual increase deliberately agitates the dog who goes into a frenzy because he knows inside that weird space man's covering is a black man. When the dog reaches the insane point of smashing against the bars again and again, Keys walks away, stops at fifty feet, turns, faces the dog, lifts one arm. Carruthers unlocks the pull bolt, slides the cage door open.

BACK OF DOG'S HEAD
as barred door slides across his vision of Keys fifty feet in front of him. There are no bars now.

PAN THE DOG
lunging out of cage like a bullet and hurling himself upon Keys who meets the charge head on -

THE IMPACT
as the dog hits Keys' chest and head with force of a sledge hammer. Keys stands there, arms outstretched, taking incredible hammering punishment as the dog lunges at him again, this time knocking him down.

CLOSER THE DOG
slamming his muzzle at the mesh protecting Key's face.

KEYS
gets up. The dog attacks, hitting him on the side. Keys falls, gets up again as the dog attacks - only this time the dog hits Keys' arms. The dog's helplessness infuriates the animal. The damn muzzle is keeping him from tearing Keys apart. Keys now begins the grueling job of agitating a dog that cannot hurt, but to work up hate to the highest point.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

FAST SHOTS THE DOG ATTACKING KEYS
The dog retreats, furious, unable to bite. Keys agitates him. Yells at him, Goads him. The hate is driving the dog crazy. The dog attacks and attacks and attacks. The muzzle smashes Keys' face. The muzzle smashes Keys' arm. The muzzle smashes Keys' chest. The muzzle smashes Keys' leg. The dog stops. Keys agitates him. The dog attacks - this time with visible less power. The dog is panting, the heart going like a trip-hammer, the body swelling, the body shrinking. The muzzle, the agitation, the futility, and the physical stamina - all make the dog stop. He is licked. But Keys moves in, agitating him, making whatever hate and strength are left in the dog respond. The dog awkwardly tries to attack. Keys agitates. The dog is too exhausted. He stands whipped, head down, panting hard, and slowly sinks to the ground.

CARRUTHERS
advancing, grumbling to himself, not liking any part of this damned experiment.

CARRUTHERS
He needs a breather.

KEYS
completely winded, is sitting on the ground next to the dog.

KEYS
So do I.

Carruthers reaches them, removes Keys' helmet. His face flows with sweat. MOVE IN to his eyes watching: MOVE to the dog's eyes. Murder in them. The eyes lift up - up - as ANGLE to Keys now on his feet. Carruthers pulls protective sleeves off Keys' arms. Keys bends down, HIS HAND moving toward the dog.

THE DOG'S EYES
sees:

THE BLACK HAND
coming closer and closer. It reaches the dog's collar, seizes it. The dog's eyes see the black hand, but he is too exhausted to attack it with the muzzle.

FULL SHOT KEYS
jerks the dog to his feet, pulls, forces the dog to his feet, and half-drags him back to the cage, followed by Carruthers carrying helmet and sleeves.

63 EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY 63

JULIE'S CAR
whips off onto same dirt road, passing sign with arrow to Noah's Ark.

64 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 64

JULIE'S CAR
leaving trail of dustclouds.

65 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAY 65

JULIE'S CAR
zips under the Ark, pulls up at office.

66 INT. CARRUTHERS' OFFICE - DAY 66

TWO TRAINERS
going over production schedule. Knock on door.

LEAN TRAINER
Come in.

Julie opens door, pokes her head in.

JULIE
Where can I find Mr. Keys?

LEAN TRAINER
You can't bother him now, lady, he's working a wildcat.

HEAVY TRAINER
Are you the owner of that attack dog?

Julie reacts to "attack dog" and is pleased that Keys is keeping it a secret that the dog is a White Dog.

JULIE
Yes.

HEAVY TRAINER
He said something about you coming.
(points out window)
Walk down that road - on the right behind trees is the Arena. Can't miss it. Big dome with bars. No visitors' cars allowed there.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED: 66

JULIE
Thank you.

She closes door. Thru side window they watch her walk down the long road. An approaching truck passes her, swallowing her up in the dust.

LEAN TRAINER
Attack dog? Yesterday Keys told me he was going to work that new wildcat this morning.
(checks assignment chart)
There it is. Keys. Cat. Warner Brothers.

HEAVY TRAINER
Guess Warners'll have to wait.

67 EXT. ARENA - DAY 67

KEYS
sitting on the box, resting, legs spread out, arms dangling. He's still sweating, but his wind is back. He glances at the dog a few feet away, resting in the cage, staring at him. The dog's wind is also back, but he's too smart to make a fuss about the black man so close to him, even though strength has returned. There is, of course, the bars between him and Keys. And then that goddam muzzle! ANGLE to Carruthers sitting on the ground next to the helmet and the sleeves propped against the next cage. Smoking a cigar, Carruthers growls as he studies a sheet of paper.

CARRUTHERS
Hank can't work that wildcat today. You sent him over to Paramount with Leo...I can't give the job to Pete because he's doing that kangaroo commercial for a new cereal company. Warners okayed the money on that wildcat but he's got to be ready on the 16th and you'll need time to crack him -

JULIE'S VOICE:
Good morning, Mr. Keys!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

THE DOG
hearing her voice, reacts instantly, gets to his feet, his tail wagging.

KEYS' VOICE:
Good morning, Miss Sawyer.

SOUND of arena door opening and closing with an iron clang as:

JULIE'S VOICE:
Good morning, Mr. Carruthers!

CARRUTHER'S VOICE:
(growling)
What's good about it?

As Julie reaches the dog's cage, puts her hand thru bars, pats his head - and answers Carruthers:

JULIE
Mr. Keys letting me see how he works.

KEYS' VOICE:
He's unusually powerful for an old dog, Miss Sawyer -

Julie rises, moves to them.

JULIE
Please call me Julie.

Carruthers is again helping Keys put on sleeves.

KEYS
-and that means I've got to be stronger and meaner to wear him down. That's the rockbottom beginning. I've got to wear him down until he no longer sees any sense in attacking me.

JULIE
(reacting)
And then he's cured?

KEYS
Then comes the permanent reconditioning of his brain. Now I'm going into Step Two of the wearing down procedure.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

JULIE
What was Step One?

KEYS
With the muzzle. You'd better get in that cage next to him.

JULIE
(surprised)
He would never hurt me.

Keys points at the cage. Carruthers slides barred door open. She gets in. He slides door closed. In her cage, Julie sees the dog , in the next cage, begin to growl as Keys stands in front of him. The dog turns away, moves against the bars with the muzzle striking each bar. His frustration increases. If only he didn't have that goddam muzzle. He turns, looks at Keys, pokes the muzzle thru bars, tries to pull it off.

CARRUTHER'S HANDS
move thru bars and removes the muzzle!

THE DOG
attacks the muzzle, tearing into it. Watching this from her cage is Julie...MOVE TO CLOSE of her. For the first time she shows fear. Not for herself. Or for Keys. Or for the dog. But for the whole experiment. She is now part of a nightmare that she never knew existed. PULL BACK FAST to the dog. Satisfied he has destroyed the muzzle, he now turns on the black enemy and sees Carruthers putting the helmet on Keys. Now Carruthers moves away. And there is Keys alone. But there are bars between the dog's fangs and Keys. Those goddam bars! Keys begins to agitate the dog. The dog does not respond. But Keys knows what is going on in the dog's mind, and continues to agitate.

CLOSE THE DOG
lunges at the bars, baring his fangs, barking.

CLOSE KEYS
got him going as planned, increases the agitation.

JULIE
shows the first sign of horror as she stares at:

THE DOG
changing in front of her...a strange, brutal snarl appears.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

JULIE'S HORROR
intensifies.

THE DOG'S SNARL
is reaching back millions of years, vicious, spine-chilling.

JULIE
thunderstruck by:

THE DOG'S COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION
The savage snarl, the ugly lines around the mouth, the barking sounding like a cry of the days of the saber tooth tiger - and the fangs! They even appear bigger. The dog is trying to push his nose and fangs through the bars to get at:

KEYS
hits the nose with his protective hand. Hits the fangs trying to poke thru the bars.

THE DOG
explodes with ferocity, slams around the cage, lunging at the bars. And the snarl becomes even uglier.

KEYS
walks the same fifty feet from the cage.

JULIE
watches:

KEYS
stopping, and turning.

JULIE
sees:

THE DOG
now a monster charging the bars.

JULIE
sees:

CARRUTHERS
sliding the barred door open.

JULIE
gasps.

JULIE
No!

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: 67

THE DOG WITH BARED TEETH AND SNARL
charges out of the cage and savagely attacks Keys.

JULIE
hasn't the stomach to watch, turns her head away.

FAST SHOTS THE DOG'S FANGS
attacking, tearing, biting the protective fabric that is driving him insane. Teeth go for the arm, the leg, the shoulder, the head, the hand - there is no hand - it is somewhere inside that thing the dog can't hurt. As before the savagery of the dog begins to weaken as Keys stands his ground, once knocked down by a violent lunge. The dog is on him, but can't get at him with those fangs. Keys on his feet, agitating, agitating, agitating. The dog confused. He can't destroy this black man. The dog's speed begins to slacken. Teeth or no teeth, his exhaustion begins to win over his hate, frustration and training to kill. Keys wears him down until the dog stops attacking. But Keys has to make sure - to the very last ounce of strength left in the dog. Keys again agitates. And again. And again. The dog hasn't the strength. He quits, slowly sinks, pants, the snarl still there, the tongue out. ANGLE to Keys pulling off, with great difficulty, one of the hand-arm sleeves. MOVE with his bare hand coming closer and closer to the dog.

THE PANTING DOG
glances up, sees:

THE BLACK HAND
coming closer and closer.

CLOSE EXHAUSTED DOG WITH SNARL
bares fangs, thrust head forward, bites.

KEYS' HAND
jerked back. Fangs missed.

THE DOG
puts head back on ground. Snarl still there. Tongue out, panting.

68 <u>INT. DOG'S CAGE</u> - DAY 68

THE DOG
exhausted. The snarl is gone. Julie's hand is patting him on the head. PULL BACK to Carruthers helping Keys strip him of the protective clothes.

69 EXT. ARENA - DAY (FROM THE ARENA ROAD. TREES ON RIGHT) 69

DOLLY LONG SHOT AWAY FROM THE ARENA
A truck pulls up to the dome. A tiger is unloaded. Two trainers lead him into the Arena. PICK UP Julie and Keys in f.g. advancing. He glances at her. She does not look well at all.

KEYS
Sick?

JULIE
Yes.

KEYS
Walking's the best medicine.

JULIE
(taking deep breath)
You were telling me how it all started.

KEYS
Well, around the Civil War times they trained dogs to track down runaway slaves. Then it progressed to the Twenties to train them to track down runaway black convicts.

JULIE
What about runaway white convicts?

Keys gives her an amused, ironic look.

KEYS
It wasn't long before that fine art graduated to watchdogs trained against black intruders, and it developed into a warped Ph.D. breed to attack blacks.

JULIE
But the man who tried to rape and kill me was white.

KEYS
Yes. The dog was protecting you. That's why people like dogs. For protection.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

They reach the main Ark Road running down the middle of the compound as KEEP DOLLYING them turning onto the Ark Road. Activity now and then in b.g. and on their flanks. A truck advances, passes, filling the air with dust, obscuring Julie and Keys for a flash... During DOLLY as they talk another truck going toward them passes, carrying animals, leaving clouds of dust. Keys continues talking as they turn onto the Ark Road.

KEYS
(cont)
That black actress you told me about. Did she attack you? ... That's what makes a White Dog - kill without provocation.

JULIE
But he didn't kill her.

KEYS
He would have if that gondolier hadn't stopped him with that oar.

JULIE
(still perplexed)
But -- but how can a dog be trained to kill color?

KEYS
Not color. Black. A dog lives in a black-and-white world.

JULIE
No other color?

KEYS
None.

JULIE
(unable to believe all this)
How do you know all this?

KEYS
Hundreds of tests all over the world before I was born proved that a scientific fact...
(looks at her)
Getting sicker?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

JULIE
Getting outrageously confused! How can a dog be trained to attack the color black?

KEYS
Oh, they pick up black winos who need a drink and black junkies who need a fix and pay them to beat a chained dog.

Keys glances at a gorilla on his flank wrestling with a trainer, the gorilla getting the best of the man. Without stopping, Keys yells:

KEYS
Tarzan!

Julie glances off and sees the gorilla react. The gorilla stops mauling the man, stands up and stares at Keys...still advancing with Julie.

KEYS
Go easy on that man, Tarzan!
(to Julie)
Agitate! That's the magic word. It works up hate and fear in the dog and pretty soon he gets the idea that blacks will hurt him... it comes right down to -

JULIE
Kill him before he kills you!

KEYS
(reacting to her concise statement)
Are you still confused?

JULIE
(grimly)
No!

They walk in silence. She breaks it.

JULIE
Keys...are you a gambling man?

KEYS
(smiles)
Three generations.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

JULIE
What are the odds on making him well?

KEYS
A thousand to one against.
(a beat)
Because of that Somebody.

They glance at each other. She does not understand.

KEYS
Somebody put a lot of time in on that dog of yours. A professional animal trainer. An expert.

JULIE
A mentally sick bastard.

KEYS
Sick, but skillful.

JULIE
So it's really a duel -- your skill against that man's.

KEYS
No. It's my skill against that dog's conditioned racism. Some men can be re-educated because you can talk to them and show them proof of how wrong they've been. But you can't do that with a dog.
(shrugs)
That's why a thousand to one.

She thinks about that. No talk. They just walk. Then:

JULIE
Why did you give yourself five weeks?

KEYS
Because if I don't see one spark of progress in that time, I lost, that man won, and the dog dies.

They walk without a word. Then:

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

JULIE
Has anyone tried what you're trying to do?

KEYS
Yes. But they say it's dangerous to experiment with the mixed-up brain of an old White Dog.

JULIE
Because it could kill the dog?

KEYS
Worse. Let's say the cure was a success, but in re-conditioning his twisted brain, something could cross the border into a new zone and explode. Drive him permanently, incurably insane. Make him attack a new target different from the one he was trained to hate. They say that fear has discouraged them.

JULIE
And what do <u>you</u> say?

KEYS
I say thank you, Julie.

JULIE
For what?

Reaching her car, he opens door, she gets in. MOVE TO HIS CLOSEUP as:

KEYS
In the back of my mind for years there's always been that one great challenge - getting into the brain of an old White Dog. Cutting out his hate without using a knife. Permanently. With no boomerang.
(smiles)
I'm glad you brought that dog aboard the Ark.

MOVE to her CLOSEUP. She smiles.

JULIE
I'm sure he'll be glad to have made the voyage with you.

Keys watches her drive off, turning the bend, kicking up dust that rises to the Noah's Ark sign with all the animals.

70 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 70

STARS
Millions of them.

71 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - NIGHT 71

DOLLY BIG ANIMALS
in cages, asleep...in small cages skunks, rabbits, dogs, ducks asleep. Leaves hanging from branches of trees cover the roofs of these cages five feet high, four feet wide, eight feet long, with all sides and fronts barred. HOLD on the White Dog alone in his cage. He is busy... MOVE IN thru the bars to the dog standing on his hind legs, his front paws against bars to maintain balance. MOVE IN CLOSER up his front paws to his head stretching up and to his fangs gnawing on the thick iron mesh that is the roof in trying to bite a hole to make his escape.

72 INT. CARRUTHER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 72

TWO WALL SWITCHES
side by side. "ELECTRIC FENCE" is turned ON. "FLOODLIGHTS" is turned OFF. MOVE to Carruthers and Keys at the cluttered desk drinking vino and finishing pizza. Carruthers growls unhappily.

KEYS
Phone the vet.

CARRUTHERS
The bastard is too busy to make house calls.

They look at each other. Simultaneously Keys plucks pliers from empty cigar box and tosses it to Carruthers who tosses flashlight to Keys. They catch at the same time. MOVE Keys to wall switch "FLOODLIGHTS".

73 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 73

CLOSE THE DOG GNAWING
at the roof when suddenly bright floodlights are turned on, illuminating the thickness of the roof mesh the dog is trying to bite a hole through. He instantly drops his front paw, stretches out, pretends he's asleep.

74 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - NIGHT 74

LONG SHOT THE COMPOUND
flooded with light. Walking down the road toward the big animal cages are the silhouettes of Keys and Carruthers.

75 EXT. CHARLIE'S CAGE - NIGHT 75

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
reach the Bengal tiger. He looks sad. Carruthers opens door, goes in with Keys, closes door and in the bright light pries the tiger's jaws open. Keys holds up the upper jaw, Carruthers the lower as:

CARRUTHERS
It won't hurt, Charlie.

With free hand Keys aims flashlight beam directly down:

CHARLIE'S THROAT
The pliers in Carruther's hand taps the tooth. Charlie makes a painful sound. The pliers yank the tooth out.

CHARLIE'S HEAD
whips away. The pain stabbed him. Then Charlie gratefully licks Carruther's face.

76 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - NIGHT 76

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
returning to their houses, floodlights still on.

77 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 77

THE DOG
still pretending to be asleep in glare of floodlights. SLOWLY MOVE IN to the dog, waiting. Suddenly the floodlights are turned off. The dog immediately stands on his hind legs and continues to bite at the thick mesh roof with his fangs.

78 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - DAY 78

KEYS' FINGERS
slowly move thru the bars.

THE DOG'S FANGS
with the snarl snaps at:

KEYS' HAND
jerked back.

KEYS AND THE DOG
Keys pushes food on plate.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

CLOSE THE DOG
with ugly snarl watches:

KEYS' BLACK HAND
pushing food thru the cage's slit.

KEYS
watches:

THE DOG
refusing to eat, turns away.

KEYS
moves on to rabbits several cages away, pretends he's interested in them, and out of corner of eye watches:

THE DOG (SHOT THRU OTHER CAGES)
eating the food. MOVE Keys to the dog eating. Keys squats. The dog sees the black hand, stops eating, growls, snarls, confused -being fed by the color black. The dog slowly takes one bite of food, but conditioning makes him growl and retreat...Keys smiles. The dog did take that first bit

79 EXT. ARENA - DAY 79

KEYS' OUTSTRETCHED PADDED HAND
is bitten again and again by the snarling dog's fangs. Until the dog realizes the futility, stops biting but curiously sniffs the fabric. The padded hand very slowly pats the dog's head. The dog leaps away from the touch, stares, slowly advances to the padded hand. The dog is confused. He retreats, then advances. The padded hand again very very slowly pats the dog's head and gently strokes it. The dog likes it. Keys' other hand is held out as the padded hand is withdrawn. Keys bare black hand reaches the dog's head when the dog's fangs snap at the black hand. Keys jerks it back. The dog lunges savagely - but cannot reach Keys.

KEYS AND THE DOG
The dog's anger increases as he tries but can't attack Keys standing only a foot beyond the thrusting teeth. The dog is tied to a stake. The helmeted Keys is wearing full protective gear. In his bare hand he is holding the empty protective sleeve. WHIP to a LONG SHOT of a figure standing outside the Arena.

CLOSE CARRUTHERS
outside the Arena has been watching Keys.

REVERSE CARRUTHERS
watching. Through bars LONG SHOT of Keys standing close to the dog tugging furiously, unable to attack.

(CONTINUED)

80 INT. KEYS HOUSE - DAY (BUT IT IS SEMI-DARK) 80

"MOONLIGHT SONATA"
softly playing on the record as MOVE to Keys asleep on couch below wall charts. We cannot see much of his face in the dark. PULL BACK to Carruthers who is boiling mad.

CARRUTHERS
For two weeks you've been stealing catnaps!
(no response)
Are you listening or are you asleep?

KEYS
(exhausted)
I'm pooped.

CARRUTHERS
And I'm fed up with us losing business!
(no comment)
Keys, did you hear that?

KEYS
Uh-huh.

CARRUTHERS
Because of that goddam dog we lost the wildcat deal with Warners. United Artists are shooting the crocodile scenes tomorrow but they insist you work with the crocs on the set or they'll give Jake Loomis the contract. I told 'em you're tied up. Keys! Are you listening?

KEYS
(mumbling)
Yes...tied up.

CARRUTHERS
They gave Jake Loomis the contract today!

KEYS
(hardly audible)
Jake Loomis...a good man.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

CARRUTHERS
'Course he's good! I learned him. Loomis, Harrison, Doskis, Gibson - all inferior competitors I wetnursed getting rich because of that damn dog!

KEYS
Stop agitating yourself.

CARRUTHERS
It's that dog and his problem that's agitating me! We got a business to operate! The talking pig show is a run of the series contract but you blew it right out the window!

Angrily he jerks shade tassle down. The shade shoots up with a bullet crack and rolls wildly making a trip-hammer racket. Sunlight pours in. Blinded by the sun, Keys covers his face with his hands. Next to the couch on a table is a statue of Romulus and Remus suckled by a she-wolf.

KEYS' FACE
covered by his hands.

CARRUTHER'S VOICE:
Joe's gone because of that dog! Hank's sick! Pete quit! We're understaffed!

Keys lowers his hands. Unshaven - he looks a wreck.

KEYS
(warmly)
Try not to be melodramatic.

CARRUTHERS
exploding melodramatically.

CARRUTHERS
Look at you! You look like a bum! A bum that's been sleeping outside for nights.

THE TWO

KEYS
(exhausted)
I have been...Got to get that dog used to me...you know that.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

CARRUTHERS
All I know is if you keep this up I'll die from agitation before my time!

KEYS
Have you heard about R2D2?

CARRUTHERS
(roaring)
Heard what?

KEYS
They're going to melt that robot down into an ashtray.

CARRUTHERS
An ashtray?
(happily)
Do you really think they'll do that to the little guy?
(laughs)
An ashtray!

He exits laughing. Keys gets up, has difficulty with the rolled-up shade, finally pulls it down, plunging room back into semi-darkness, and goes back to the couch and to sleep. He snores as Moonlight Sonata plays to its end.

A80 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAY A80

JULIE'S CAR
comes round the bend, parks. She gets out, walks down the road. She is carrying her polaroid camera.

B80 EXT. KEYS' HOUSE - DAY B80

JULIE
passes animals enroute...knocks on Keys' door. No answer, knocks again, no answer. She walks off.

C80 EXT. DOG'S CAGE - DAY C80

THE DOG IN CAGE
hears a whistle, happily jumps up against the bars, tail wagging as Julie pats him thru bars and then takes polaroid shots of him. Surprisingly,he responds with cute poses and magnificent expressions. She experiments.

JULIE
Up! Up! Sit up!

(CONTINUED)

The dog sits up. Delighted, she takes a picture as Carruthers appears and watches.

JULIE
Give me your paw. Paw! Give me your paw, please!

The dog pokes his paw thru bars. She takes a picture, proud of the dog's response, proud of herself. She has fallen in love with the dog, and not just because he saved her life...She sees Carruthers.

JULIE
Somebody taught him that! He's so friendly, so intelligent. You think Keys taught him that?

CARRUTHERS
Don't know.

JULIE
Have you seen him?

CARRUTHERS
He's home.

JULIE
I knocked on his door.

CARRUTHERS
He's sleeping the sleep of the guilty.

JULIE
Huh?

CARRUTHERS
That hound of yours is wearing him down instead of the other way around.

JULIE
Mr. Carruthers, I never thought I'd miss anyone as much as I miss that dog.

CARRUTHERS
(hopefully)
Ready to take him back.

(CONTINUED)

C80 CONTINUED: C80

JULIE
The minute Keys gives him his medical discharge.

CARRUTHERS
Yeah...of course.

D 80 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT D80

JULIE
looking at:

POLAROID SHOTS
of the dog.

JULIE
laughs, then makes facial expressions, reacting with awe and love as she holds them spread out in her hands like playing cards. She answers the ringing phone.

JULIE
Hello?

E80 EXT. BACK OF ROLAND'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT E80

ROLAND (HIS BACK TO US)
facing the water, a drink in one hand, phone in other.

ROLAND
I thought you were scared at night without the dog.

INTERCUT:

JULIE
Well...with that rapist behind bars...

ROLAND
Yes, I know...I know...how's the Doberman pinscher coming along?

JULIE
He is not a Doberman pinscher. He's a magnificent, beautiful white German shepherd and he's coming along great. He knows so many tricks.

ROLAND
You're going to keep him if he's cured, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

E80 CONTINUED: E80

JULIE
Not if. When! Keep him? I've taken down all the posters we put up!

ROLAND
Good. If that dog trainer's bill runs into more than you can handle, Julie, whatever I have is yours.

JULIE
Thank you, Roland, but if I need anything I'll write to my father. He always comes through.

ROLAND
Good night, Julie.

JULIE
Night, Roland.

She hangs up, goes back to her polaroids, then stands them up on the fireplace mantle, studies.

SLOW DOLLY POLAROID SHOTS
of the dog - all friendly.

81 EXT. DOG'S CAGE - DAY 81

* THE DOG IN CAGE *
angrily pacing back and forth in his prison cell, now and then jumping up on his hind legs and taking a bite at the mesh roof. He hears her whistle, happily jumps against the bars, tail wagging as Julie hugs him thru the bars. He licks her hand and her face. She spots:

* FOOD IN HIS PLATE *
outside the slit. Her hand shoves the meat and kibble thru the slit.

* THE DOG *
is in heaven. She is going to feed him. He wolfs down the food. INCLUDE her laughing at his excitement. Then she stops laughing when he stops eating, and growls.

CLOSEUP THE DOG
* growling as slowly the snarl appears. *

JULIE'S VOICE:
* What is it? *

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

JULIE
slowly thrusts her hand thru bars toward the dog. MOVE TO CLOSE of her hand touching the dog. The snarls increases, its savagery ugly.

JULIE'S VOICE:
What's the matter? What's frightening you? I'm not going to hurt you.

The dog growls - and leaps.

THREE SHOT THE DOG
angrily hits the bars, lunging high - above her hand. Startled, she turns, sees Keys coming up. He looks down at the food inside the cage as she rises.

JULIE
Hi.

KEYS
(quietly)
Did you push that food in?

JULIE
(realizing something's wrong)
Yes.

Keys thrusts his hand out like a shot.

KEYS
(hard, but not loud)
No one but this color black will feed him. No one.

She is ashamed of her thoughtless interference.

JULIE
I'm sorry.

Keys reaches thru the slit to retrieve the food.

FOOD PLATE
suddenly attacked ,fangs missing Keys' hands as they are pulled back. The dog attacks the plate, bites it, destroys it going berserk.

KEYS AND JULIE
She's full of guilt as the dog goes wild.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED: 81

KEYS
(still quietly, but exploding inside)
He's got to know he's stuck with me!

Embarrassed because of her stupidity, there is difficultyas she gropes for words. She finds none. She turns, walks away as the dog continues fighting the destroyed food plate -- and Keys feels sorry for the way she tasted her own guilt. But he has said nothing, because there is that moment when a man attempts what he is attempting, has nothing to say to change his course in the experiment.

82 EXT. ARK ROAD - DAY 82

DOLLY JULIE (SAME TRACK SHOT AS BEFORE) walking briskly, angry with herself and above all - embarrassed for her interference. She passes Carruthers on her flank, not seeing him. He turns away from a trainer putting monkeys thru an act and catches up with her. She glances at him, says nothing. They walk - he having to keep up with her brisk pace.

CARRUTHERS
What happened to that pretty face of yours? You look like you got caught with your hand in the cookie jar.

JULIE
Keys caught me.

CARRUTHERS
Doing something naughty?

JULIE
Very naughty - and stupid.

CARRUTHERS
And he chewed you out.

JULIE
He should've spanked me.

CARRUTHERS
What did you do?

JULIE
I fed Mr. Hyde.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

CARRUTHERS
That'll set Keys back a full week of hard work trying to change the dog back into Dr. Jekyll.

The loss of a week hits her hard. Now she feels more miserable than ever. But something rankles her.

JULIE
I understand very well the strain he's under ... and the problem of confusing the dog...but damn it, that dog is mine! He knows me!

CARRUTHERS
(shaking his head)
You think you're Androcoles and the dog's the lion and everything's all right because you did more than yank out a thorn - you saved his life. Malarkey, Julie! When a dog is confused, he'll snap at anybody feeding him - black hand or white.

83 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - NIGHT (SILENCE) 83

TREES
MOVE IN SLOWLY to branches and leaves, SLOWLY MOVING DOWN to leaves draped over the roof of the dog's cage, then MOVING SLOWLY to the dog's head popping out of the escape hole he made in the roof. HOLD on his front paws getting a grip on the leaves on the roof, and pulling his body up.

CLOSE HIS PAWS
slipping on the leaves, trying to hang on. The paws vanish.

84 EXT. DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 84

THE DOG
falls back. WHIP to ducks in adjoining cage startled and beginning to quack. WHIP BACK to the angry dog circling for another try. He poises under the hole, his powerful leap sending his head and front paws thru it again.

85 EXT. ROOF OF DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 85

CLOSE HIS PAWS
again slipping back.

(CONTINUED)

86 EXT. DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 86

THE DOG
falls again. WHIP to cage on the other side to wolves watching him, joining the quacking with low howling. WHIP BACK to the dog looking up, studying:

THE HOLE (FROM HIS POV)
challenging him. Strands of wire mesh ring the uneven hole he had made with his fangs. Above the hole are leaves hanging from branches. Suddenly the white flash of his body from this floor-level angle shooting almost straight up leaps up, head first - his head going thru the hole.

87 EXT. ROOF OF DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 87

HIS PAWS
again fighting for a grip on the slippery leaves.

88 EXT. DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 88

LOWER HALF OF DOG'S BODY
dangling, his hind legs wildly moving in midair.

89 EXT. ROOF OF DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT 89

CLOSEUP DOG
panic increases as he tries to hang onto the roof, tries to pull himself up. INTERCUT with shots of different small animals alert now that something is happening. Instinct makes them aware that one of them is making a break. These animals begin to add their own low sounds to the quacking and howling. The dog's face shows anger and determination as SLOWLY MOVE BACK to his threshing paws large in f.g. fighting the leaves, slipping back - but then, with an infuriated powerful thrust of his whole body and pushing the last ounce of strength in his paws, he shoots the rest of his body up thru the hole like a geyser of snow, his body scraping the jagged ends of the meshed wire roof. He has made it. He flees.

90 EXT. ROWS OF SMALL CAGES UNDER TREES - NIGHT 90

DOLLY THE DOG
fleeing across the leaf-covered roofs, the sound of his body smashing small branches scares the animals under his paws. Their sounds, from cage to cage, joins the growing cacophony. Suddenly he becomes entangled, forced to stop, but with superdog strength he breaks the branch with his jaw, leaps free, leaps

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: 90

to the ground, landing in front of monkeys who grab each other, terrified by the white flash that came down from above. The monkeys join the animal sounds with chattering and squealing excitably.

FULL THE DOG
fleeing past big animals in cages, darting between leopards and pumas as the jarring addition of small animal discord grows.

91 EXT. ELECTRIC FENCE - NIGHT 91

18 feet high. Electric wire tops curved iron hooks. The dog dashes to the fence, attempts to climb up several times as PULL BACK to leopards and pumas in f.g. watching him in b.g. Something is happening. They begin to contribute their own roars.

HIGH-HAT THE DOG
coming at us at high speed, looking for a way up that fence. He stops six feet from camera and again tries, this time managing with desperation to climb up about 12 feet - but falls back and hits the ground as WHIP to a lion roaring.

92 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 92

FAST SHOTS THE DOG
running, looking for a way out of the compound. INTERCUT his run with elephant trumpeting, wolves howling, birds squawking - their combined spine-tingling and ear-shattering sound their way of shouting "One of us has busted out!" They are rooting for the dog.

93 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - NIGHT 93

REPLICA OF NOAH'S ARK WITH ANIMALS
as distant sound of beasts and birds increase to the highest pitch. MOVE DOWN shooting over the closed arched entrance and at the long Ark road. From the darkness of the compound is heard the terrifying cry of the jungle as suddenly floodlights are turned on. Carruthers and Keys dash out from their houses and run down the road toward the savage din.

FAST CLOSE DOLLY CARRUTHERS AND KEYS
advancing toward the compound, the din growing louder. Each man is carrying a TRANQUILIZER GUN. They do not appear alarmed. They have gone through this before with many animals.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

CARRUTHERS
Two to one the puma's got into another family squabble.

KEYS
I'll give you odds that wildcat's on the loose again.
(grins)
Maybe he's hooked on these tranquilizer darts

94 EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT 94

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
in glaring light split up, Carruthers heading left toward smaller animals, Keys heading right toward the big animals. Noise is constant roaring and shrilling.

CARRUTHERS
hunting for open cage doors. Animals going wild.

KEYS
hunting for open cage doors. Animals going wild. Passing a cage, Keys isn't ruffled when a leopard lunges at him, stopped by the bars, baring fangs as if the roar encourages the dog to succeed and the anger of all animals in the compound surges thru him. Passing more roaring, snarling beasts, Keys pays little attention to the blood-curdling jungle protests flung back to their primitive freedom. The dog has started a prison riot and a jungle revolt!

LOW ANGLE A STAKED ELEPHANT
joins the riot, making the ground shake as he trumpets angrily at Keys who finds the snarling wildcat in its cage. Keys moves on to three pumas in one cage. They bare their fangs at him, roar in unison.

DOLLY KEYS
checking more big cage doors, their ferocious occupants eager to take a bite out of him, moves off thru braying donkeys and kicking zebras and frightened giraffes trying to break loose of their shackles.

THE CAGED GORILLA "TARZAN"
even beats his breasts showing flashing teeth and glaring at his friend Keys who glances at him warmly, understanding how the momentary fervor of combined anger has changed him into an enemy.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: 94

CARRUTHERS
pays no attention either as he passes noisy cages, catches up with Keys.

CARRUTHERS
(shouting)
Your damned mutt chewed his way out of his cage.
(admiringly)
Bit his way thru the roof.

FAST SHOTS KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
hunting for the dog. Noise continues.

95 EXT. TREES IN COMPOUND - NIGHT 95

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
moving thru trees. Above treetops the illuminated dome of the Arena can be seen in b.g.

96 EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF ELECTRIC FENCE - NIGHT 96

THE DOG
frantically escaping from the blinding glare of the floodlights,runs along the fence, spots:

LONG SHOT KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
looking for him.

THE DOG
runs toward a parked truck.

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
see:

THE WHITE FLASH
heading for the truck.

CARRUTHERS
aims, shoots just as:

THE DOG
runs behind a tire. The dart hits the tire.

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
run toward the truck.

THE DOG
runs along the fence, stops, sees:

LONG SHOT PARKED CARS AND TRUCKS
near trees and the fence. The dog tears into the shot toward the vehicles.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

CLOSER PARKED VEHICLES
The dog leaps on the hood of a car, from car to top of panel truck to the top of a very high truck and lunges up toward the electric fence eight feet away. knocking a branch of a tree down on the wire that triggers the explosion - and thru a million sparks the dog clears the fence by inches, lands on the other side and runs off.

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
watch:

FULL SHOT EXPLOSIONS
of electrical flashes that last only another second. SOUND of animals now deafening, terrified, hysterical.

KEYS AND CARRUTHERS
satisfied the hunt is over. Carruthers lights a cigar.

CARRUTHERS
He'll have a headache in the morning.

KEYS
I'm lucky that's rigged just to shock the hell out of him.
(calmly)
Let's get that dog back in his cage.

They advance, pass, PAN them heading towards the parked vehicles.

97 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 97

JULIE
asleep, groggily reaches for the ringing phone.

JULIE
H'lo...

98 INT. KEYS' HOUSE - NIGHT 98

KEYS
on phone. He's disturbed. Grim. Puzzled. All in one.

KEYS
Julie, the dog's busted out of the compound. He's gone.

(CONTINUED)

99 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 99

JULIE
shocked.

KEYS' VOICE:
Soon as it's light we'll try to find him.

100 EXT. FREEWAY - DAWN 100

JULIE'S CAR
speeding.

101 INT. JULIE'S SPEEDING CAR - DAWN 101

JULIE
still in shock.

102 EXT. NARROW DIRT ROAD - DAWN 102

PANEL TRUCK
ascending slowly into wooded foothills.

103 INT. SLOWLY ASCENDING PANEL TRUCK - DAWN 103

KEYS
looking left and right for any sign of the dog.

104 EXT. WIDE DIRT ROAD - DAWN 104

STATION WAGON
descending slowly.

105 INT. SLOWLY DESCENDING STATION WAGON - DAWN 105

CARRUTHERS
scouring terrain for the dog.

106 EXT. CREEKBED - DAWN 106

THE DOG
picking his way in rough terrain among boulders in a dry creekbed, scrambles up the rocks, slipping and sliding on loose gravel, struggling to reach the top, comes up over the edge of the bank and sees a church steeple sticking up out of the barren landscape.

107 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF SMALL TOWN - DAWN 107

LONG SHOT CHURCH STEEPLE
The dog heads toward the town.

108 EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAWN 108

THE DOG
trots toward trash can behind a house, sniffs, inspects it for food, finds none, trots off.

109 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN 109

FULL SHOT STREET
deserted. The dog trots past stores, stops now and then to investigate a cardboard box, a paper bag, an empty bottle of soda pop. He licks at the neck of the bottle, trots on, turns down a side street, investigates more trash, is disappointed, trots across the street to investigate, moves back toward Main Street, stops near corner, investigates a trash can.

A CAR
from behind camera pulls up in front of a shop about fifty yards from the corner. A black woman and her 5-year-old little girl get out and walk to a small dress shop. The woman looks in her purse for the key.

THE DOG
a dozen feet from the Main Street corner, leaves the trash can, stops, looks back, decides to knock it over. He does.

THE WOMAN AND CHILD
hear the crash of the can, look toward the sound. The woman finds the key, unlocks the door of the shop, goes in. The child moves out to the street, picks up a deflated balloon, tries to blow it up, is surprised there are no holes in it. The balloon begins to inflate.

THE DOG
starts toward the corner.

THE MOTHER
emerges from the shop, takes the child's hand, leads her into the shop as:

THE DOG
turns the corner.

THE MOTHER
closes the shop door. The child shows her the balloon. The mother leads the child into the back of the shop as the dog passes.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

LONG SHOT THE DOG
trotting past stores, suddenly stops to stare at:

* WHITE GERMAN SHEPHERD BLOWUP *
advertising dog food in window stares back at:

* THE DOG *
puzzled, turns down the CHURCH SIDESTREET.

110 EXT. CHURCH SIDESTREET - DAWN 110

THE DOG
* hunting for food, stops at CLOSEUP, stiffens at: *

* LONG SHOT ABSTRACT COLOR OF BLACK FACE *
approaching.

* THE SNARL *
is there. Fangs bared. He lunges forward.

* CLOSER THE BLACK MAN *
a moderately well dressed shopkeeper slows down, an icy awareness freezing his spine as he stares at:

* LONG SHOT THE SAVAGE SNARL *
barking insanely, thunder at him.

* BLACK MAN *
terror-stricken, whirls, runs for his life.

* CLOSE FAST DOLLY THE SNARL *
after him.

* BLACK MAN *
running past a small church, whirls, flees toward the church for refuge.

* THE DOG *
after him.

* CHURCH DOORS *
The black man reaches them, jerks one open, darts in, closing door when the dog hurtles thru the opening.

111 OMIT OMIT 111

112 INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAWN 112

* THE DOG *
lands on the back of the black man, impact slamming him on his face. The man crawls. Fangs are on him as the man crawls behind pews, cannot be seen. Neither can the attacking dog be seen. PAN UP to the stained glass window of St. Francis of Assis with the dogs and animals he loved the only witnesses to the savagery going on below.

113 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN 113

PANEL TRUCK
moving down the street.

114 INT. MOVING PANEL TRUCK - DAWN 114

KEYS
driving down the street, hoping for a glimpse of the dog. Keys is sweating. He knows this town. It's in his worried face. As he approaches a sidestreet, he slows down, looking left and right. He spots:

115 EXT. SIDESTREET - DAWN 114

* A BLACK CAT *
running.

THE PANEL TRUCK (IN MIDDLE OF MAIN STREET)
stops. Keys waits. But there is no sign of the dog chasing the cat. The panel truck moves on.

116 EXT. MAIN STREET - DAWN 116

THE PANEL TRUCK
passes the parked car belonging to the woman who went into the dress shop with her child. The truck approaches the church sidestreet.

117 EXT. CHURCH SIDESTREET - DAWN (AND MAIN STREET) 117

* THE PANEL TRUCK *
is moving past the church street, slowly approaching intersection, when:

* KEYS IN TRUCK *
sees:

* THE DOG *
trotting out of the church, mouth red with blood.

THE PANEL TRUCK
reverses just enough to swing down the church street toward the dog. The truck stops. The dog looks up at it, keeps trotting. Keys moves across seat to the window.

THE DOG
sees Keys, the snarl appears. The dog leaps at him.

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: 117

KEYS
fires the tranquilizer gun pointblank at:

THE LEAPING DOG
almost into the window. The dog, hit by the dart, drops instantly.

KEYS' APPREHENSION
mounts as he stares at the blood. Slowly he opens the side door, gets out, opens the back door of the truck - stops - stares at the church. Keys begins to shake. He picks up the unconscious dog, carries him to the truck, places him in it, closes the door, slowly goes to the side door that is still open, closes it - looks at the church.

DOLLY KEYS (BACK TO CAMERA)
walking toward the church, every movement of his body filled with hesitancy, with hating to go into that church, with the fear of what he will find in there - all said just on his back. HOLD as he reaches the church, stands in the open doorway, remains a statue.

118 INT. CHURCH - DAWN 118

KEYS
standing in the doorway, still not moving. Very slowly he moves into CLOSEUP and DOLLY him as he advances. He stops looks at:

THE CHURCH
deserted. The silence is eerie.

DOLLY CLOSEUP KEYS
moving down the center aisle.

LONG SHOT KEYS
moving down the center aisle, looking left and right down the pews.

DOLLY CLOSEUP KEYS
moving, his eyes darting to the left, then to the right. He stops walking - still staring to the right. Horror fills his face. SLOW PULL UP to EXTREME HIGH SHOT of Keys slowly moving between pews until he stops and stares down at what we cannot see because of the pews. He stands once again - the statue. Above him is the stained glass window of St. Francis of Assisi.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED: 118

* LOW ANGLE KEYS' FACE *
fills screen, his eyes on the torn dead black man... eyes that are sick and angry and tears appear...MOVE UP SLOWLY until only his eyes fill screen. As a tear drops out - FREEZE on the tear and his eyes.

119 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAWN 119

JULIE
tensely waiting outside the locked gates. Her car parked a dozen feet away. She hears it coming, looks off. ANGLE to the station wagon returning. It pulls up. Carruthers, needing sleep, gets out. And as he opens the gates:

CARRUTHERS
I looked and looked ...
(growling)
I couldn't find him. Maybe Keys'll have some luck. He wants that dog back. Like nothing I've ever seen him want.

He motions. She drives in, parks near his office. He follows, pulling up beside her. They get out, nervous, strained, walk to the entrance gate. He pushes them a few more inches, making sure both doors are flat. He hooks each door as:

CARRUTHERS
He wouldn't call the police. And made sure I didn't. And he was right! He was positive they'd shoot that dog soon as they found out what makes him tick. I don't understand how it happened - I mean chewing his way out of the cage - that I understand - but triggering off that electric wire. I saw it. We both saw the sparks. I don't see how that dog got over the fence!

JULIE
Where is Keys looking?

CARRUTHERS
Oh, some small town out there. Never did get to know its name.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

JULIE
What if the police did find him? What if they didn't learn what makes him tick?

CARRUTHERS
You serious?

JULIE
Yes!

CARRUTHERS
(gently)
You're right, Julie. Maybe they did pick him up as a stray. Maybe they're feeding him at some police station or some animal shelter. Hell, maybe Keys is with the police right now just poking around - kind of diplomatically - to see if anybody reported him.

JULIE
You just don't report a lost dog to the police.

CARRUTHERS
I know it, Julie. I was just rambling on.

120 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAWN 120

THE PANEL TRUCK
speeding, leaving clouds of dust.

121 EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAWN 121

CARRUTHERS
with cup of hot coffee. Julie nervously pacing. They're in front of Noah's Ark, looking at the dirt road.

CARRUTHERS
Here he comes.

They can see the tiny cloud of dust. It comes closer and closer.

JULIE
watching the approach truck. PAN DOWN to her crossed fingers by her side.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: 121

THE PANEL TRUCK
roars up as they step aside and Keys drives it into the Ark, stops, gets out.

KEYS
I found the dog.

JULIE
Thank God!

She opens the back of the truck and freezes as she sees:

THE UNCONSCIOUS DOG
and the blood.

GROUP
Julie turns, her face pale.

JULIE
Was he hurt bad? Why didn't you take him to a hospital? To a vet's? Was he run over. Was it a hit-and-run?

KEYS
He killed a man in a church.

JULIE
Oh, my God!

CARRUTHERS
How'd you get him?

KEYS
Shot a dart into him outside the church.

MOVE TO CLOSE of Julie still aghast, still in shock - but their words snap her out of the shock.

CARRUTHER'S VOICE:
Do they know it was a dog?

KEYS' VOICE:
The coroner will know.

JULIE
(quietly; but hard)
Why didn't you kill the monster?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED 121

THREE SHOT

KEYS
He's not the monster.

JULIE
Why did you bring him here?

KEYS
I need him.

JULIE
To go on with your work?

KEYS
That's right.

* JULIE *
After he's killed a man?

KEYS
* A black man. *

JULIE
Keys. That's my dog. I want you to shoot him before he kills more blacks.

KEYS
He's out of your hands, Julie.

JULIE
Keys! If you don't shoot that - that disease right now, I'll call the police!

KEYS
He's the only weapon to fight that disease.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

122 EXT. SKY - NIGHT 122

THUNDER, LIGHTNING

123 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - NIGHT (NO RAIN, JUST THUNDER AND LIGHTNING) 123

ONE INCH SLAB OF CONCRETE
has been placed atop the cage to prevent any more escapes. MOVE DOWN to the dog huddled in corner as thunder cracks followed by terror-stricken SOUNDS of the animals. The dog moves slightly, slowly stands, fangs bared,as INCLUDE Keys reaching the cage, putting down a wooden box, pulling out a paper bag from pocket of the yellowish slicker he's wearing. It has a hood. The dog barks when Keys sits on the box, pulls a hamburger sandwich from the paper bag, takes a bite, chews, stares ahead not even noticing the dog whose anger mounts.

CLOSE THE DOG
glaring at:

CLOSE KEYS
taking a bite, his black skin illuminated by lightning. He chews.

CLOSE THE DOG
is hungry, begins to drool. Rolling thunder.

KEYS
for the first time looks at the dog. FOLLOW CLOSEUP of his hand holding out the rest of the sandwich against the bars, then pokes it thru the bars.

THE DOG
with snarl taking shape, stares as: PAN to CLOSEUP of the black hand holding the sandwich. The dog's fangs close on the black hand - and crunches only air because Keys has pulled it away like a shot. The hand places the sandwich on the tin plate, pushes plate thru slit into the cage next to tin bowl of water. The dog growls at the food, growls at Keys. PULL BACK as Keys rises, leaves. The dog watches him, then barks angrily at the food. The dog is confused. A black gave him food! The mixed-up dog runs around in circles, goes berserk,smells the food, stares...as if asking "What the hell is this all about?" But being hungry, he eats the hamburger sandwich... all of it without trying to destroy the color black that fed him it.

124 EXT. SKY - DAY 124

BREATH-TAKING FORMATION OF CLOUDS

125 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - DAY 125

THE DOG
standing up on his hind legs, paws against bars to maintain balance, is staring up, staring at:

CLOSE THE HOLE
covered by the concrete slab.

THE DOG
drops his paws, gathers all his strength, leaps up nose first and hits the concrete. The dog cries out as it falls. Now he paces back and forth, a stunned, angry prisoner. He stops. His nose hurts. He stretches out, buries nose between his paws hoping that will ease the stinging pain. Suddenly his nose jerks up, his ears jerk, his eyes blaze as include Keys visiting him again, sitting on the box, taking a hamburger sandwich from paper bag. The crackle of the paper irritates the dog. Keys bites into the sandwich, his chewing sounds and smacking of lips offend and enrage the dog. Again Keys offers the dog to seize the sandwich thru the bars.

THE DOG
sees:

THE COLOR BLACK
holding the sandwich.

THE DOG
snaps but the color black isn't there. He watches: PAN to the color black pushing the food thru the slit. Once again the dog goes wild and runs around in circles as PULL BACK to Keys looking at him, and then leaving. The dog's confusion drives him crazy. Again he goes to the food, puts his nose to it. Again he whirls away from it. Again hunger drives him to it. He eats. Suddenly he attacks the food and the plate.

126 EXT. SKY - DAY 126

THE SUN
setting.

127 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - DAY 127

THE DOG
again is visited by Keys, the same action repeated with the sandwich and dog's refusal to take it from the color black -- but this time Keys does not leave any food in plate for the dog. Keys leaves. The dog is puzzled, looks at empty plate, looks at:

KEYS
walking off.

THE DOG
looks back at the plate. Drooling, disappointed, unable to figure out why no food this time.

128 EXT. SKY - DAY 128

THE SUN
rising.

129 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - DAY 129

THE DOG
famished, on stomach in corner, sees:

KEY'S SHOES (DOG'S POV)
approaching.

THE DOG
sulks as shoes pass. The dog's eyes watch the shoes stop, turn around PULLING BACK to Keys sitting on the box as he bites into a hamburger sandwich.

CLOSEUP THE DOG
watching:

THE FOOD (DOG'S POV)
in the black hands. Now the food is lowered. Now the food is pushed thru the bars. SLOWLY ADVANCE as the hamburger becomes bigger and the hands become an abstract color black. Now we fill screen with the color black.

CLOSEUP THE DOG'S EYES
glaring at:

CLOSEUP THE BLACK HAND

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED: 129

CLOSEUP THE DOG
the attack snarl begins.

THE BLACK HAND
becomes abstract color black.

CLOSEUP THE DOG'S PROFILE
the snarl vicious, mouth open, fangs bared - inches from the black hand holding the hamburger. Suddenly the dog pulls back, growls, confusion increases. He stares at:

CLOSEUP HAMBURGER

CLOSEUP THE DOG
staring at:

CLOSEUP THE COLOR BLACK

CLOSEUP THE DOG
slowly moves forward, unable to grasp connection between food and black and fangs still bared, the savage snarl more accentuated.

CLOSEUP THE HAMBURGER
seized by the dog.

CLOSEUP KEYS
watching the dog eat, smiles. It is a great moment for him...the first spark of progress!

130 INT. KEYS HOUSE - NIGHT 130

CLOSE CARRUTHERS
worried.

CARRUTHERS
I feel like the three of us are conspirators.

PULL BACK to Julie and Keys also sitting at table set with burning candles, a little party to celebrate Keys' first sign of progress with the dog. Keys is pouring wine.

JULIE
(also worried)
Feel? We are! We're hiding the the pistol that fired the bullet.

(CONTINUED)

CARRUTHERS
(seeing his
future)
That's prison!

* Understanding their apprehension, Keys blots out the murder of the man....with a toast. *

KEYS
To our first breakthrough!

The change of subject works on her. She toasts.

JULIE
To the spark!

It works on Carruthers. He toasts.

CARRUTHERS
To that hamburger!

They clink glasses, drink.

KEYS
I better check the lamb chops.
Excuse me.

He smiles at her, gets up, wearing a STAR TREK apron. Carruthers chokes on the wine.

CARRUTHERS
Will you burn that apron?

They laugh. Keys vanishes. Julie looks around the fascinating workshop. Books, skulls, charts. Just sitting at the table, she has been plunged into a world a million miles from her own. She is impressed. Carruthers repours wine, a little for her, a full glass for himself as:

JULIE
Like a prize fighter moon-
lighting as a ballet chore-
ographer.

CARRUTHERS
Huh?

JULIE
How did he get into all of this?

130 CONTINUED: 130

CARRUTHERS
All of what?

She indicates the charts, etc. of the research room.

CARRUTHERS
(with a twinkle)
Oho...that is breeding. He was suckled on anthropology. His mother teaches it, and his father writes about it.

JULIE
(stunned)
Then why?

CARRUTHERS
Why what?

JULIE
(baffled)
Why is he training parrots -
(deridingly)
-for television shows?

CARRUTHERS
He's not the first Harvard drop-out who needed a job.

JULIE
Dropout? Why?

Keys enters with lamb chops as:

KEYS
To learn from animals instead of teachers.
(grins)
And the pay is good.

CARRUTHERS
Good? He's rich! Drives a new Mercedes while his classmates teach grammer school to little knotheads.

Julie laughs as Keys serves.

JULIE
Then you don't miss doing what your parents do.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

KEYS
Not at all. They live a purely academic life. Immobile. I live where I please and work where I live.

He sits.

KEYS
Each cage in that compound is a test tube, and Noah's Ark is a laboratory Darwin would go ape over.

Julie laughs as they hear a knock on the door. Especting it to be one of the trainers, Keys calls out.

KEYS
Come in, Gibby.

A SHERIFF
opens the door, steps in.

JULIE AND CARRUTHERS
see themselves in prison as they react to:

THE BADGE
worn by the law officer. PULL BACK to group as he removes his hat.

SHERIFF
Sorry to bother you folks, I'm from San Berdoo. I'm looking for Yakima Road.

KEYS
Second turn on your left, about ten miles. There's no sign.

SHERIFF
Thank you. Enjoy your dinner, folks. Good night.

He exits. The mood has plunged to the depths. They are sheltering a killer. They look at each other with the same thought. Carruthers nails that thought right on the barrelhead.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: 130

CARRUTHERS
We know our goal is a good one. Humane! But that wouldn't mean a damn thing to the law. They wouldn't understand about a sick dog. They like long words and long prison sentences. The hell with all this guilt gibble-gabble. Let's attack these lamb chops!

They do. He growls, holding up the one he bit and glares at the surprised Keys.

CARRUTHERS
No wonder it took you so long to get that dog to eat out of your hand!

JULIA
(laughing)
Too damn long!

They attack the lamb chops.

131 EXT. THE ARENA - DAY 131

HIGH SHOT KEYS AND THE DOG
in the center of the arena. In full protective regalia, the helmeted Keys agitates the dog. MOVE DOWN SLOWLY as we see that the dog does not attack. HOLD ON TWO SHOT. Keys pulls off one sleeve and holds out his hand.

THE DOG AND THE HAND
The dog licks it, the tail wagging. Keys strips off his gear and helmet as the dog trots around him playfully, running away, running back. Keys takes off the last of his gear - the heavy, protective jacket that he has worn over a white T-shirt. He drops jacket on the ground, takes a small white ball from his pocket.

THE DOG
sees:

SPLASH OF WHITE
A distorted movement of abstract black raised high... and a white ball thrown.

THE SNARL
appears. The dog growls. The white ball lands near him. He sees:

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

TWO MOVEMENTS OF BLACK
separated by a white flash...one of the black movements appears moving high.

KEYS' BARE ARM
raised, waving to the dog to retrieve the ball.

KEYS
Go on, get the ball. Bring it to me.

FAST CLOSE DOLLY THE SNARLING DOG
with bared fangs - charging.

THE ASTONISHED KEYS
freezes as he sees:

THE SNARL AND FANGS
charging at him.

KEYS
grabs a heavy sleeve from the ground.

THE DOG
leaps.

KEYS
using sleeve as a club,slams the leaping dog with a blow. It stuns the dog. The "club" isn't hard enough to knock him out. The dog attacks again and again, but can't get to Keys because of the club he keeps swinging. Keys trips on his gear, falls on the jacket as the dog leaps. Keys grabs handful of dirt, throws it into the dog's face and rolls away. The dog is blinded only momentarily, but it gives Keys the time to grab the jacket and uses it to whip the dog's face. The dog loses momentum, lands to one side - giving Keys another chance to glance at:

MAIN EXIT GATE
100 feet away.

THE DOG
attacks Keys who keeps backing away, using club and blanket to confuse and stop those fangs from getting closer.

DOLLY KEYS AND DOG (ON THE BACK OF KEYS)
as Keys continues to move backward.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

MAIN GATE EXIT
Thru it Keys working his way closer and closer, the blanket and club keeping the dog's fangs from Keys' throat.

THE DISEASED DOG
attacks with increased ferocity.

FANGS
seizes the jacket, hang onto it. PULL BACK to Keys trying to hang onto it is pulled toward the dog. Suddenly the dog drops the jacket and lunges.

KEYS
swings the sleeve like a baseball bat, stops the lunge. The dog does a turn-over mid-air, crashes to ground but is up like a shot, unhurt, more enraged, and now runs toward the retreating Keys to the flank to escape the annoying jacket and try to get at Keys' feet.

SNORKEL SHOT KEYS' SHOES IN F.G.
moving backward as in b.g. the dog tries to get thru the blanket and club. Once the fangs get inches from Keys' leg, but the club's whack stops the molar thrust.

MAIN EXIT GATE
Thru it we see Keys now 20 feet away, but suddenly his backward approach to the main gate changes direction when the craftykiller concentrates only on circled attacks, moving round Keys faster and faster with irregular jumps, forcing Keys away from the main gate and driving him backwards toward the row of small barred enclosures we have seen before

KEYS
backed up to one of the enclosures, blinds the dog with a jacket whip to give him that one second to slide open an enclosure door and jump in -

FANGS
leap - but the barred door slides shut as the dog leaps on the bars.

KEYS IN ENCLOSURE
sees:

MAIN EXIT GATE
only 10 feet away.

KEYS IN ENCLOSURE
begins to put on the heavy jacket.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

THE SNARLING DOG
suddenly confused, sees:

BLACK ENENMY MOVEMENTS IN THE ENCLOSURE
becomes his friend Keys in the jacket. Keys is doing something behind his back.

THE SNARL
vanishes. The dog emits a happy yelp.

KEYS IN ENCLOSURE
looking at the main exit cage while buckling his jacket straps behind him, hears the happy yelp, turns, sees:

THE DOG
happy, snarl gone, tail wagging.

KEYS
sweating, winded, is first astonished, then confused, and finally intrigued by the frightening transition of the savage murderer to a happy dog. Keys faces the most interesting example of animal behavior as he accepts the challenge going thru his scientific mind and slowly slides the barred door open with one hand, while in the other he holds the club he may have to use if the dog suddenly turns back into the killer. The dog does not. The dog wants to play again. The tail wags like a drunken pendulum. Keys lowers the club.

CLOSE THE BLACK HAND
holding the club is licked by the dog. PAN UP to Keys watching sick, helpless scientific subject he inherited and shows anger because he is as helpless as the dog... there is no proven yardstick in the study of animal behavior to cure this dangerous phenomenom in the canine world. PULL BACK with Keys heading toward the gear he left on the ground, the happy dog trailing after him, even playing with the "club" in Keys' hand. EASE INTO MOVING CLOSEUP of Keys, concentrating, frustrated, his mind going back...going back...trying to piece together the psychological change that drove the dog to switch so abruptly to savagery...What triggered the dog?... What was it? What happened? Something the dog did? Something Keys did? Something the dog saw? Or was it something in the dog's mind that snapped? It could be something in that animal brain that Keys did not remove with feeding and kindness and love and trust. As he walks, Keys goes over <u>every</u> detail that took place before the dog suddenly reverted to Mr. Hyde. SUPERIMPOSE over Key's MOVING CLOSEUP a repeat, in <u>BLACK AND WHITE</u>, of the scene shot before the change...Keys removing his gear.. ...the dog licking the bare,black hand...removable of

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

the helmet...protective trousers...the jacket... throwing the white ball...the monster attacking Keys... SUPERIMPOSURE stops. Keys is more frustrated than before. Angrier. No clue in that flashback. Nothing. Not even the spark of a link to any explanation...It's certainly not what the dog saw...it was definitely something in the brain that exploded. WIDEN as Keys reaches the gear on the ground in the center of the arena where his experiment collapsed. He gathers up the gear, goes to a storage box against the barred fence, opens the lid, puts the gear in, starts to peel off his cumbersome jacket.

THE HAPPY DOG
reacts. The snarl appears. He glares up at:

ABSTRACT SPLASH OF BLACK
growing longer.

KEYS
has worked one arm out of the jacket.

THE DOG
growls.

KEYS
stiffens, sees:

THE DOG'S SNARL
and angry eyes.

KEYS
swiftly thrusts his naked black arm back into the jacket for protection and seizes a "club" from the box, turning to defend himself against the attack he knows is coming when he's astonished to see:

THE SNARL
gone. Dog happy. Tail wagging.

KEYS
completely baffled by this unearthly, unexpected reversal to Dr. Jekyll. What happened in that split-second? Something in the dog's mind? In the dog's eyes? He studies:

THE DOG
MOVE CLOSE until the eyes fill the screen. The eyes staring are friendly.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: 131

KEYS
forces his mind to think! Think! What did the dog see seconds ago to trigger the transformation? What did Keys do? He retraces in his mind his movement to the storage box as SUPERIMPOSE in BLACK AND WHITE again to Keys putting gear in box, dropping the club in it, slipping one arm out of the jacket...and the dog suddenly growling...and the snarl... SUPERIMPOSURE ENDS. Keys trembles, his eyes shine. When he took his arm out of the jacket! That was the second when the dog reverted. The exact second! Keys drops the club in the box and repeats what he did seconds ago...he slowly pulls one arm out of the jacket.

CLOSE HIS BARE ARM
slowly being exposed...more and more of the arm... PAN UP to CLOSE of Keys tensely watching:

THE DOG
reacting to:

ABSTRACT SPLASH OF BLACK
growing longer and longer.

KEYS
watching:

THE SNARL
appear.

KEYS
thrusts arm back into jacket, covering his skin, and sees:

THE SNARL
vanish.

KEYS AND THE DOG
as the excited Keys, on the thresshold of victory, repeats this procedure several times, until he is convinced that the exposure of his naked, black arm triggered the change.

132 EXT. THE DOG'S CAGE - DAY 132

KEYS AND THE DOG (DOG IN CAGE, KEYS OUTSIDE CAGE)
in progressive shots of the experiment. Dog in cage. Keys in white T-shirt feeds him. Dog eats...Keys lifts bottom of shirt slowly exposing black skin. Snarl and fangs attack the bars...Keys lowers shirt. Dog happy, is fed...Keys lifting shirt, dog snarls but does

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED: 132

not attack... Keys delighted with progress, pats dog thru bars, feeds him, gets him used to see exposed splash of black skin...Keys stripped to the waist. Dog goes crazy. All that black sends him attacking the bars. Keys puts on T-shirt. Dog happy. Keys removes T-shirt. Dog confused, snarls, runs around crazily in the cage. Keys puts on T-shirt, feeds the friendly dog...Keys removes T-shirt. Dog still confused, but does not run around, does not snarl, does not attack the bars. Keys feeds dog...Keys stripped to the waist again. Dog stares, but no movement. The confusion in the dog is evident. Something is working in his brain, and that something is Keys' upper portion of his body, bare and black, is not the enemy. The enemy does not exist. Keys feeds him. The dog eats.

133 EXT. DOG'S CAGE - DAY 133

KEYS
stripped to the waist is outside the cage. And so is the happy dog eating. ANGLE to Carruthers watching.

CARRUTHERS
(delighted,proud of Keys and the dog)
You did it, you sonofagun!

KEYS
(quietly;worried)
The hell I did.

CARRUTHERS
But you licked it! Look at him! All that black skin for him to chew, and he's gentle as a lamb and eating like a horse!

KEYS
I haven't licked it yet, Jack. I feed him. I'm kind to him. He likes me. He trusts me. He knows I'm not the enemy he was trained to kill. That's only being halfway home.

He drops to one knee, pats the happy dog, gives him more food.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: 133

KEYS
(cont)
I've got to see what he does when he sees another black man, a man who who hasn't fed him or been gentle with him...a man he doesn't know...a stranger.

CARRUTHERS
Kelly will do it for you.

KEYS
No trainers.
(smiles)
We're conspirators, remember?

CARRUTHERS
(smiles)
A guinea-pig who can't blow the whistle on us.

KEYS
Right.

CARRUTHERS
(smile dies)
What if the dog attacks him?

KEYS
I'll have to shoot the dog.

CARRUTHERS
And start the experiment all over again.

KEYS
No. If he attacks another black it means I couldn't change him. I won't shoot him with a dart.

CARRUTHERS
(stunned)
With a <u>bullet</u>?

KEYS
The five weeks are up. If he attacks the guinea-pig I'll blow that dog's head off.

134 EXT. BLACK SECTION OF SMALL TOWN - DAY (SAME TOWN USED BEFORE) 134

CHEAP BAR
Pedestrians. Several cars moving.

135 INT. BAR - DAY 135

KEYS
in safari jacket and shorts, studying:

SEVERAL SHOTS BLACKS
drinking whiskey, beer.

KEYS
turns attention on one man.

BLACK DRUNK
alone at corner table. MOVE to him, HOLD as Keys sits down. The bleary-eyed drunk pays no attention to him as he counts his last change. Keys becomes the bastards who paid drunks to beat dogs.

KEYS
Want to make twenty-five dollars?

136 EXT. ARENA - DAY 136

THE DOG
sees:

KEYS AND AN ABSTRACT SPLASH OF BLACK
approaching. The splash of black weaves.

THE DOG
snarls, charges.

KEYS AND DRUNK
Keys sees:

THE DOG
charging toward them.

KEYS AND DRUNK
Keys pulls .45 from safari jacket pocket, aims it at:

THE CHARGING DOG
suddenly stops five feet from Keys and the drunk. MOVE TO CLOSEUP of the confused dog staring up at:

KEYS AND SPLASH OF WEAVING BLACK
The splash of black comes into sharp focus. It is the drunk.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: 136

THE DOG
stares. He is all mixed up. But the snarl remains.

KEYS
looking at:

THE SNARL
that is still there.

KEYS
is confused. The dog did not attack, but the snarl is there. The snarl is the solution. The snarl must vanish. Permanently. PULL BACK to include the drunk. He is looking at the dog.

KEYS
Pet that dog.

DRUNK
I hate dogs.

Keys pulls a half-pint of bourbon from his pocket, holds it up in front of the drunk. The drunk reaches for it. Keys puts it back in his pocket.

DRUNK
I love dogs.

The drunk weaves toward the snarling dog.

KEYS' .45
in f.g. Over the barrel aimed at the dog the drunk reaches the animal and bends down.

THE SNARL
still there.

KEYS' FINGER
begins to squeeze trigger.

THE DRUNK'S HAND
shakily moves closer.

THE SNARL
still there.

KEYS' FINGER
squeezing.

THE DRUNK'S HAND
reaches the dog's head, pats it. The snarl is gone.

THE TAIL
wags.

(CONTINUED)

137 INT. JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 137

PHONE
rings. Julie picks it up.

JULIE
Hello?

KEYS' VOICE:
V for Victory!

Julie screams with joy.

JULIE
I'm on my way!

She scoops up her bag, runs to the door, flings it open - and is confronted by a genial GRANDPA and his two GRANDCHILDREN - kids about 6 and 8. Julie hates this delay, but -

JULIE
Yes?

GRANDPA
Miss Julie Sawyer?

JULIE
(impatient, but kindly)
Yes?

GRANDPA
I'm Wilbur Hale, Miss Sawyer. My grandchildren. Helen there is six and Theona's eight. This is the lady.

HELEN AND THEONA
(well bred, pretty; in unison)
Hello, Miss Sawyer.

Julie, despite her eagerness to get moving, cannot help but smile at them.

JULIE
Hello, Helen. Hello, Theona.
(to Grandpa)
You'll have to excuse me.

138 EXT. FRONT OF JULIE'S HOUSE - DAY 138

JULIE
steps out, closes door, brushes past them as:

JULIE
(politely, but
final)
I'm sorry, Mr. Hale, but I am
in a hurry.

HELEN
Where is my dog?

Julie stops, turns. Before she can say a word, Grandpa produces her polaroid of the dog and holds it up.

GRANDPA
The SPCA said you've got our
dog, Miss Sawyer. We're sure
grateful you took care of him.
He ran away from the trailer
park.

JULIE
(ice, but has to
make sure; quietly)
Did you train him?

GRANDPA
(proudly)
Sure did. Since he was a puppy.

JULIE
(still quietly)
To be a White Dog?

He studies her for a moment. Her expression seems very friendly. A twinkle appears in his nice blue eyes. This lady - she's one of us.

GRANDPA
(grins)
And the best of the lot.

JULIE
You bastard!

Her blast rocks him like a 155mm shell. Her eyes flash. That friendly expression is filled with murder.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

GRANDPA
(about to burst
a blood vessel)
Now you look here, young lady!

JULIE
You sick son of a bitch! You've
got two puppies there! Are you
teaching them to be as sick as you are?
(eyes blazing, she
turns to the kids)
Do you know what your grandfather
did to that dog? He trained that
dog to be a monster, a killer!
Don't let your grandfather turn
you into monsters! Don't listen
to a word he says about dogs! Not
a damn word!

Grandpa puts his hand on Julie.

GRANDPA
Shut your damn mouth!

She knocks his hand down with her bag.

JULIE
Get a gun! Blow your sick
brains out!

She advances briskly, murder in her eyes.

GRANDPA
(calling after her)
If you don't give us our dog,
I'll be back here with the police!

She stops, storms back to him.

JULIE
Go to the police! Oh, how I'd
love you to go to the police!
I'd give anything to haul you
into court, you - you garbage!
I'd love to expose your disease
in public! I'd love to expose
your mind for the sonofabitch
you are!

She storms to her car, gets in, starts the motor
and yells out thru the window.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED: 138

JULIE
That dog is cured!
(laugns with
healthy venom)
Cured by a black man!

She speeds off. CHARGE past the two bewildered children to CLOSEUP of the sweating, red-faced Grandpa stunned by her last words.

139 EXT. SKY - DAY 139

SUN
broiling.

140 EXT. ARENA - DAY 140

THE GROUND
A gigantic tall shadow appears.

A SMALL SHADOW
is on the ground.

FULL SHOT KEYS AND THE DOG
like two gladiators in the arena, are facing each other. Keys is wearing the safari jacket and shorts to match. The dog is only wearing his love for the man facing him. Keys takes of his safari jacket, drops it on the ground.

LOW ANGLE KEYS
in safari shorts. Almost a naked warrior of the days before history was recorded. The sun beats down on his black skin. He does not look like Adonis carved in ebony. He is. He is that rare symbol of the black father of all civilization. He is the rare combination of the African macho and the scientist - blended into a man whose job is to train animals, and whose one great obsession is to prove to Julie that:

HIGH ANGLE THE DOG
standing like black marble, is not sick.

LOW ANGLE KEYS
spreads out his arms, the hot sun beating down, the sweat beginning to show.

THE DOG
watching, his eyes glued on that black gladiator, and sees:

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

LONG SHOT KEYS (FROM LOW ANGLE DOG'S POV)
with his arms outstretched - 170 pounds of naked black skin - standing exposed, with no protection, waiting for the dog to tear into that flesh.

CLOSE KEYS
sweating. This is the one experiment he has not tried. So sure is he of the dog, he is exhibiting this crucial, and final test, for the young lady who owns the killer.

CLOSE THE DOG
looking at:

LONG SHOT KEYS' FACE
is sharp. His chest is sharp. His outstretched arms are sharp. But there has been added a surprise. Never before has there been so much....black skin facing him on two ABSTRACT LONG MASSES OF SHADOWY BLACK.

THE DOG
as a snarl begins.

THE LONG MASSES OF SHADOWY BLACK
become the sharply focused legs of Keys.

THE DOG'S TAIL
wags.

THE SNARL
vanishes swiftly.

LONG SHOT KEYS
waves for the dog to come on and attack him. The man is waiting in sweat. No protection.

THE SNARL
reappears. The fangs are bared. The eyes become killer eyes. The dog charges,

FAST DOLLY THE DOG'S LEGS
filling screen, charging. PAN UP to DOG'S FACE filling screen, charging, eyes ferocious, snarl ferocious.

KEYS
seeing the horrible boomerang of his test charging at him with jet speed, leaps for his .45 that is in the pocket of the safari jacket. The dog paases him like a bullet as Keys desperately turns the jacket over to grope in the second pocket for the gun.

(CONTINUED)

SNARL AND FANGS
flash past, the dog is attacking to kill:

LONG SHOT SPLASH OF WHITE
weird, challenging - the new enemy.

CLOSE DOLLY SNARL AND EYES
charging.

* KEYS *
whips gun out of safari jacket, knows the dog has exploded mentally, is stunned as he sees:

* LONG SHOT THE DOG *
charging at Julie!

* KEYS *
horrified. The White Dog trained to kill blacks has been cured. But tampering boomeranged. The White Dog, because of the experiment, <u>has become a Black Dog</u> -- <u>now charging to kill a white</u>!

* THE CHARGING DOG *
with wolflike fangs gets closer and closer to his new target.

KEYS
aims at:

* LONG SHOT THE DOG *
ready to leap at the frozen white enemy - suddenly stops.

* KEYS *
holds his fire.

* THE DOG *
with wild confusion in his eyes that makes one feel the hell exploding in his brain, sees:

NOT THE SPLASH OF ENEMY WHITE
but the terrified frozen Julie - staring at:

* THE SNARL, FANGS, CONFUSED EYES *
staring. Fireworks erupts in his mixed-up brain.

* JULIE *
a statue.

* THE SNARL *
remains, but not the savage snarl.

* JULIE *
ready to faint. But remains rooted to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

THE DOG
looks up at her, the snarl gone, the fangs no longer ferocious. That is not the white enemy. That is Julie!

JULIE
sees the change, sees:

THE DOG
looking at her in a different way. His eyes are no longer exploding with hate. He loves her. He is her dog. He would never hurt her. How could he hurt Julie? Then the dog looks beyond her, sees:

ANOTHER ABSTRACT SPLASH OF WHITE.
moving weirdly toward him.

SNARL AND FANGS
appear as the dog emits the loudest, most ferocious bark of attack and murder ...a bark of a mized up brain. He charges at the white enemy.

FAST DOLLY KEYS
running with the gun, knowing what has happened. His face filled with horror tells it. His experiment boomeranged! The White Dog has gone over the mental line of insanity and has become the Black Dog - and the enemy: the whites.

FAST DOLLY THE SNARL AND FANGS
charging toward:

THE ABSTRACT SPLASH OF WHITE
now moving grotesquely away from him.

THE DOG
leaps on the splash of white, knocks it down and tries to kill it.

KEYS
running, stops, takes careful aim at:

THE DOG
biting the splash of white.

KEYS
fires.

THE DOG
hit, falls on the torn-up terrified Carruthers.

(CONTINUED)

140 CONTINUED: 140

CLOSER THE DOG
is still alive. The snarl is grotesque. The fangs appear longer. The fangs raise to come down on Carruthers. A second shot. The dog shudders with the impact, dies. CHARGE TO CLOSE of the dead snarl, the dead open eyes, the dead open jaws, the dead fangs.

HIGH LONG SHOT THE ARENA
Julie and Keys running to Carruthers. They grab his ankles and upper body and drag him away from under the body of conditioned racism and tampering with the mind of a dog. They help Carruthers to his feet. He has been chewed up, but he will live. They help him off the gladiator field. They are gone. Left alone in the arena is the dead White Dog. HOLD on the dog for a moment, them CUT TO black.